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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
ORIGINAL POEMS.

By SAMUEL DERRICK.

Est nobis voluisse satis. nec munera parva  
Respueris; etiam Phœbo gratissima dona  
Cres tulit;  
Hic quoque sit gratus parvus labor, ut tibi possim  
Inde alios, aliosque memor componere versus.

TIBULL. lib. 4.

LONDON,

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M.DCC.LV.





To the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
GEORGE DODDINGTON, &c.

S I R,

THE only excuse the author of the following pieces can make for approaching you with this unlooked-for address is, your being pointed out by all the world as the avowed patron of polite literature; a truth that, among others equally celebrated, the authors of *The Seasons*, and of the *Night-Thoughts*, have been proud to proclaim; since, without your generous protection, it is not unlikely, in this iron age, but the genius of each might, in its infancy, have withered under the frost of neglect. To these is to be added the elegant writer of *The Henriade*, who rejoices to own that to your patronage he is infinitely indebted: and whenever he paints the virtues and perfections of the English nation, Mr. *Doddington* is the great original from which he copies. Thus, while others poorly confine their favours to individuals, you nobly beam your genial influence on every side; and merit is certain to partake of its warmth.

That a triumvirate so dear to learning as *Voltaire*, *Young*, and *Thomson*, were at one and the same time cherished under your roof, and contributed to adorn your fine house in *Dorsetshire*, will reflect eternal honour on your taste, and your benevolence.

To your drawing the last from obscurity, we owe those bright emanations of genius which he has

## DEDICATION.

has bequeathed to posterity. You saw the diamond sparkle through the rough coat that surrounded it, and immediately distinguishing its value, contributed to polish, and gave it a foil that set it off to general admiration.

From you, Sir, the first of these great men derived his clear conception of the British constitution; from you did he imbibe those impartial notions of liberty which he has diffused over France; and for which, by the thinking and unprejudiced, he is esteemed and caressed; while, by the designing and superstitious, he is feared and avoided.

Let nobody, from what has been premised, accuse me of ranking myself with these so justly admired writers. Tho' one or two of my essays have met with the approbation of some of the greatest literary geniuses Great Britain can now call her own, yet the advice of Dr. Thomson, a man as remarkable for abilities and benevolence, as for being opposed by envy and a malicious combination, and whose friendship has laid me under many great obligations, will be always foremost in my mind: "Beware, says he, of self-sufficiency and conceit; they are the rocks on which too many young people are lost."

There is, Sir, nothing wanting to urge me onward in my pursuits after learning, allow me to add reputation, or to deter me from the course, but the sentence of Mr. Doddington, in whom severally unite the princely spirit of a Mæcenas, the delicate taste of an Atticus, and the fluent expression of a Cicero.

No

## DEDICATION.

No body can presume to call this flattery, since the two first have been attested by our most illustrious writers ; and of the last the whole nation can bear testimony. Your power of elocution had been for many years thought at its zenith : that it could not be exceeded, was universally granted : yet, to the general surprize, it broke forth last session with redoubled lustre ; and while, by two of the finest speeches that ever were made in a British parliament, the nation's eyes were opened to her true interest ; all parties, surprized at the strength of your argument, the depth of your knowledge, and the beauty of your delivery, joined to honour the man in whom they saw so nobly center the patriot, orator, and statesman.

That there is an opportunity for me to join the publick voice, and declare my veneration for so amiable a character ; a character which, tho' deemed complete before, acquires additional glory from the last mentioned circumstance ; will be always looked upon as one of the happiest incidents of his life, who once more intreats you will excuse the liberty he takes of honouring himself with the title of,

S I R,

Your most humble,

and most obedient servant,

Chelsea, July 17,  
1755.

Sam. Derrick.

*The person to whom Derrick addressed this extravagant panegyrick appears now upon record to have been a most contemptible worthless scoundrel. See his own Diary.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE greater part of the ensuing poems were composed before I had attained the age of twenty; and had not many of them met with the approbation of some ingenious men in the world of letters, I should never have presumed to have given them to the public: the hints of three or four of the Cantatas are taken from Rousseau; and for the plan of two or three other poems, I believe I may be obliged to some other French authors. The fable of the Caterpillars I versified from Skelton's *Truth in a Mask*, when I was not quite fourteen; and the paraphrases of the psalms were the products of the same years: the arguments in defence of female inconstancy were furnished by Dr. Donne; and the Queen of Navarre supplied me with the story of the friar fobb'd. I was honoured with the two short poems immediately preceding the verses inscribed to Ashley Cowper, Esq; and all those that follow from page 168. to 214. by a man of fashion, whom I am not permitted to name, the correctness of whose stile, and the goodness of whose heart, render him superior to eulogium; for his many virtues proclaim him an honour to the noble family of which he is a branch; to his friendship I am infinitely indebted; but more particularly for the great encouragement he has given to the subscription for these poems, which, without his generous assistance, had probably never seen the light.



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# D A M O N.

A

## P A S T O R A L.

**N**EAR to a fountain's side, whose gentle  
fall,  
Join'd the sweet concert of the nightin-  
gale;

Young Damon lay; a faithful hapless Swain;  
Who long for Doris sigh'd; but sigh'd in vain:  
While she his griefs beheld with eye severe,  
And heard his passion with relentless ear.

B

Stretch'd

Stretch'd at his length he prefs'd his grassy bed,  
 Heaven's azure concave canopy'd his head;  
 Despair, like age, had furrow'd deep his face,  
 Sunk ev'ry charm, and rifled ev'ry grace.

Thus to love's potent god his plaints he pour'd;  
 While the attentive hills his plaints devour'd.

Haste, gentle parent of each fond desire,  
 My Doris' breast with softest love inspire;  
 By fraud or force her stubborn heart subdue,  
 To love and Damon make her ever true:  
 To quell her cold disdain exert thy pow'r,  
 Or on her slumbers steal in some soft hour;  
 (For well, I ween, soft slumbers often prove,  
 By treach'rous fancy's aid, a friend to love)  
 Display thy gaudy plumes and tempt her eye,  
 But let her not thy pointed arrow spy;  
 Hide from her piercing view thy subtle dart,  
 And take by sweet surprize her fickle heart;

Shed

Shed thy mild influence, that the charming she  
May catch the amorous flame ; and burn like me.

\* Queen of Cnidus, queen of love,  
Goddeſs of the Paphian grove ;  
Quit thy lovely Cyprus iſle ;  
On my paſſion deign to ſmile ;  
Be thy mighty pow'r conſeſt ;  
With love and pity warm her breaſt :  
Then hetacombs in ſacrifice  
Shall from your ſacred altars riſe.

Full-fraught with grief high-heav'd his boſom here,  
Down his rough cheek faſt-flow'd the ſilver tear,  
Pale anguiſh trembled in his flooding eye ;  
He ſigh'd—he ſpoke—and ſilence liſten'd by.

Yet I, in vain, the Paphian queen entreat ;  
Sprung from the ſea, ſhe's like the ſea deceit ;

\* See Horat. lib. 1. ode 30.

Cupid's soft pity vainly I implore,  
 Wretch that I am ! ah luckless fatal hour,  
 When first I fell a victim to her pow'r.  
 Vain the big tear, the heart-sprung sigh in vain,  
 Love's laughing god but mocks th'inflicted pain.  
 Ah ! why should I of bliss and Doris rave ?  
 Heav'n hears me not, and she disdains her slave.—  
 Reason forbids ; and I my frenzy see :  
 She is for ever lost——or lost to me !

Oh would the rich exchange but lasting prove,  
 I'd part with reason, Doris, for thy love.  
 What greater blessing could my heart pursue ?  
 'Twere heav'n enough, to find that heav'n in you !  
 With you, my life ;—alas ! what have I said ?  
 False gleams and phantoms have my sense betray'd.  
 Thus mourn'd the swain ; with this the vallies rung ;  
 His morning this, and this his evening song :

The



The vocal woods, the caves, the groves around,  
 In sad lament reverberate the sound ;  
 While he, furcharg'd with woe, urg'd on his tale;  
 And wearied thus the echoes of the vale.

Had happier fortune crown'd my natal hour  
 With wealth, and blest poor Damon but with pow'r;  
 Had big-swoln titles flourish'd around my head,  
 And fruitful plains their grateful homage paid ;  
 The nymph had ne'er despised her humble slave,  
 Nor mock'd th'infllicted wounds her rigour gave.  
 And yet—how small foe'er my little store,  
 Rich in our loves—we need not covet more.  
 Relent, my charmer, heav'n itself will hear ;  
 And to the wretched lend a pitying ear.—  
 But, ah ! I waste ill-fated words in vain ;  
 She hears me not ; I to to the winds complain.—  
 Again he sigh'd—again he heav'd for breath ;  
 And faintly struggled in the arms of death.—

Again for her his monody renew'd ;  
 With one last effort thus compassion su'd.

Hear, lovely Doris, and retard my fate,  
 Hear my fond complaints, and pity e're too late ;  
 Ere time thy blooming beauties shall erase ;  
 For time shall ev'ry beauty soon efface :  
 Death hastes with friendly hand to ease my care ;  
 And soon my injur'd ghost shall wound thy ear ;  
 Thro' night's dark gloom shall flit, nor ceaset' upbraid,  
 And with my wrongs afflict the cruel maid.  
 In vain my pray'r, in vain is my complaint ;  
 Death shades these eyes—alas !—I droop—I faint—  
 With Doris and with life at once I part ;  
 'Tis cruel Doris breaks this honest heart.

This said, he sunk : his fleeting spirits fail'd ;  
 Heart-rending anguish o'er his voice prevail'd ;  
 Feebly his hand sustain'd his drooping head,  
 And o'er his cheeks a livid paleness spread.

Swift

Swift to his aid the nymphs and swains repair,  
 His pangs to soften, and his griefs to share ;  
 Woe-fraught, their merry gambols they disclaim ;  
 All moan poor Damon's ill-requited flame ;  
 All brand with infamy a Doris' name. }  
 The lowing herds, the flocks their food decline,  
 And in the melancholy chorus join :  
 The woodland race, affected with his woe,  
 Come from their dreary caves their griefs to show ;  
 The feather'd songsters, too, in plaintive notes,  
 Stretch'd to the monody their little throats.  
 The savage herds in sympathy were mov'd,  
 Less savage than the maid he fondly lov'd.  
 Silent, and sad, all on his griefs attend,  
 Like near relations o'er some dying friend :  
 While death-portending, from a blasted oak,  
 Alone was heard the raven's luckless croak.

Once more he fault'ring spoke—" Vain friendship  
ship cease

" Your fruitless care, that voice denounces peace;

" No more by death set free my heart shall prove

" The pangs, the torments, of ill-fated love.

" Farewel, ye swains!—ye maids to friendship true!

" Life! love! vain world! I bid ye all adieu!"

With these last words, his tortur'd spirit fled,  
And left the shepherd number'd with the dead.

Sighs heave each breast; all eyes with tears run  
o'er;

The hills and vales resound, He is no more;

The dimpling waters, touch'd with gen'rous woe,

Adown their channels, in sad concert flow;

The rural plains grief's gloomy liv'ry wear,

And ruthless rocks distill th'excited tear;

The false, the perjur'd Doris they upbraid,

And vengeance hovers o'er the cruel maid.

VERSES



VERSES address'd to Mrs. DAVIS on  
her performing the part of the *Lady* in *COMUS*.

O H! thou adorn'd with unaffected ease,  
Whose slightest gesture cannot fail to please;  
When you *appear* each fluttering heart is warm'd,  
But when you *speak* th' impartial judgment's charm'd.  
In ev'ry step *propriety* we trace;  
And ev'ry *passion* vary'd in thy *face*.

If virtue's gen'rous dictates fire the breast,  
In the immortal MILTON's language drest;  
By thee enforc'd more strongly still it sways,  
For *imitating* thee, ourselves we *praise*.

COMUS, in vain his rosy chaplets twines;  
His grot in vain with soft temptation shines;  
To snare the heart his high allurements fail:  
Thy bright example must o'er all prevail;  
And MILTON's-self, if living, had admir'd,  
To find himself by *thee* still more *inspir'd*.

ARS

## ARS CONFICIENDI BASIA.

Authore JOHANNE SECUNDO.

**E**xfinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem ;  
 Basia lasciva CYPRIA DIVA manu ;  
 Temperat occultos medicati neētariis imbres ;  
 Et succo ambrosiæ sedula tingit opus ;  
 Sufficit et mellis partem, quod subdolan olim,  
 Non impune favis eripuisse amor.  
 Decussos violæ foliis admiscet odores,  
 Et spolia æstivâ plurima rapta rosâ ;  
 Addidit et risus, et mille et mille lepores,  
 Et quod Acidalius gaudia cestus habet ;  
 Ex his composuit dea basia——et omnia libans,  
 Invenies nitidæ sparsa per ora CLOEN.

## The ART of MAKING KISSES.

Translated from the Latin of

JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

**O**NCE gayly pensive stood the CYPRIAN dame;  
 Her pleasing task the balmy kifs to frame;  
 Rich floods of tinctur'd fragrance first she pours;  
 Ambrosia's sweets; and nectar's pleasing show'rs:  
 Next wily CUPID, rob'd the honey'd store;  
 Nor yet, unhurt, the liquid prize he bore;  
 Unfolding vi'lets mingle in the toil,  
 And summer roses shed their blushing spoil;  
 Fond glowing smiles the rip'ning blifs refine;  
 And still a thousand, thousand graces join;  
 Whatever charms the cestus holds, she blends,  
 And lo! the work in soft perfection ends;  
 Now, pants thy heart the heav'nly sweets to try?  
 On CHLOE's lips the melting raptures lie.

The

The ENCHANTRESS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

**T**H' enchantress CIRCE from her desert isle,  
Where PHOEBUS never glanc'd a cheering  
smile,

Saw with regret the vessel proudly bear,  
ULYSSES false and faithless to her care ;  
Burst from her chains, the wily hero fled,  
Spurning the joys of an immortal bed ;  
For this her bosom heaves, her eyes o'erflow ;  
For gods, as well as mortals, suffer woe ;  
Yet e're he lessens on the watry way,  
She with fond notes enforces his delay.

AIR.



AIR.

Let me, love, once more, behold thee,

Let my longing arms enfold thee ;

Oh ! bleſs me with a kiſs ;

Then, ſince the fates command it, go,

And leave me to my deſtin'd woe ;

For with thee flies my bliſs.

Does ſo much *truth* deſerve diſdain ?

Can ſuch a *paſſion* merit pain ?

RECITATIVE.

Deaf to her plaint, the weary'd monarch flies ;

While CIRCE, to her art, for aid applies :

Reſolv'd to blot his image from her mind,

Her ſkilful hands th' appointed victims bind ;

She heaps a mighty pile of choſen wood,

And the rais'd altar reeks with purple blood ;

Offenſive

Offensive vapours from the earth arise,  
 Hang in mid-air, and noctuate the skies :  
 Nay so coercive is her magic spell,  
 That PLUTO feels it, 'midst the pow'rs of hell.

THE INCANTATION.

*Sprites*, obedient to my art !  
 Terrify his faithless heart :  
 Love may, thence, perhaps, arise ;  
 He be taught my heart to prize.

Some to the caves of ÆTNA fly ;  
 Bid ÆOLUS the winds untye ;  
 Bid NEPTUNE in my cause engage,  
 Strait bid him loose his foaming rage :

Let others quickly mount above,  
 And claim the thund'ring aid of JOVE ;  
 Around let liquid light'ning play,  
 And flash intollerable day :

Let

Let darknefs shroud the lunar light ;  
 Let ſpectres mock th'aſtoniſh'd fight ;  
 Let deſolation revel round ;  
 Be nothing but *confuſion* found.

Horrors theſe, alafs ! how poor !  
 To the diſtractions I endure ;  
 Faint the reſemblance that they wear,  
 To thoſe, my anxious boſom tear.  
*Sprites*, to my call, obedient riſe !  
 Explore the *Seas*, the *Earth*, the *Skies*..

THE EFFECT.

Such power her *Incantations* have ;  
 Pale *Speċtres* iſſue from the grave ;  
 Wing'd on her word, they courſe the air,  
 And round her diſſ'rent orders bear.  
 From their drear caverns ruſh the winds ;  
 And NEPTUNE all his rage unbinds :

Quick

Quick bursting thunders loudly roll,  
 From *arctic* to *antarctic* pole ;  
 Whole provinces of blasted land  
 Confess the light'ning's wasteful brand ;  
 A cloud impervious to the fight,  
 Eclipses *Luna's* pallid light ;  
  
 And while around rough tempests howl,  
 Dismay assails the strongest soul.  
 Urg'd by the storm, the billows roar,  
 The shatter'd bark is dash'd on shore ;  
  
 While horrid clamors eccho'd round,  
 The sad distracted welkin wound ;  
 The *earth* from her foundation shakes ;  
 And *nature*, fearing *chaos*, quakes.

## RECITATIVE.

Useless, alas, is all your power can do !  
 The god of love is stronger far than you ;



Tho' to obey thy all-commanding spell,  
 Grim PLUTO and his legions you compel ;  
 Tho' nature's course thy potent charms can move,  
 No pow'r on earth can shake the god of Love.

## AIR.

Love, tenacious of his rights,  
 Shuts his ear to amorous tales ;  
 With scorn rejects each fond delight,  
 Where sympathising nature fails :  
 For *freedom* sits on CUPID's throne ;  
 And *love* depends on *choice* alone.

Riches may the blooming maid  
 To a loth'd embrace allure ;  
 But by motives false betray'd,  
 The heart is restless, unsecure :  
 For *freedom* sits on CUPID's throne ;  
 And *love* depends on *choice* alone.

C

Beauty

( 18 )

Beauty would you, then, subdue,  
Would you win the hand and heart;  
With gentle arts the fair pursue;  
Let soft persuasion play its part;  
By tender usage fairly won,  
Her heart is *yours*, and yours *alone*.

EPI.

E P I G R A M M A.

Authore G. BUCHANANO.

**S**ILVIUS *hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit*  
*unquam ;*  
*Mortuus, et gratis quòd legis ista dolet.*

The same, in English.

**H**Ere SILVIUS lies—for such his fate is,  
Who nought e'er gave, when living, *gratis*,  
And *grieves*, tho' in his grave, that you  
Shou'd read all this—and *gratis* too.

## Q. HORATII LIB. 3. ODE 25.

Ad BACCHUM.

**Q**UO me, BACCHE, rapis tui  
 Plenum? quæ in nemora, et quos agor in specus  
 Velox mente nova? quibus  
 Antris, egregii CÆSARIS audiar  
 Æternum meditans decus  
 Stellis inferere, et concilio JOVIS?  
 Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc  
 Indiētum ore alio: non secus in jugis,  
 Ex somnis stupet Evias,  
 Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam  
 THRACEN, ac pede barbaro  
 Lustratam, RHODOPEN. Ut mihi devio  
 Ripas, et vacuum nemus  
 Mirari libet! O NAIDUM potens,

Bac-



The 25th ODE of the 3d Book of  
HORACE Imitated.

TO BACCHUS.

**W**HITHER, immortal god of wine,  
Oh! whither would'st thou bear me, tell;  
While in my face thy glories shine,  
And my enraptur'd bosom swell.

Where's the blest grot, the happy cave,  
Destin'd to eccho with the fame  
Of CÆSAR, great, and good, and brave,  
While heav'n with Jove's enrolls his name,

To deeds sublime I tune the lyre,  
Deeds ne'er before by muse express'd;  
While you the awful theme inspire,  
The sacred ardor warms my breast.

*Baccharumque valentium*

*Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos.*

*Nil parvum, aut humili modo,*

*Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,*

*O Lenæe, sequi deum,*

*Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.*

A *Bacchanal* thus rous'd from sleep,  
On some stupendous mountain's brow,  
Looks with surprize adown the steep,  
Where *HEBER*'s waters roll below ;

Or *RHODOPE*'s aspiring hill  
To savage Orgies lifts its head,  
Where festal shouts the vallies fill ;  
Or *THRACE*, with flaky snows bespred.

What joy to tread the pathless grove,  
Or lonely rock ; where free from woes,  
Fearless of care and pain, we rove ;  
Where in blest silence we repose.

Aid, *BACCHUS*, aid the flowing verse ;  
And thus inflam'd with raptures high,  
No meaner things I shall rehearse,  
But themes that lift us to the sky.

Oh ! you to whom the NAIADS bow,  
Whom jolly *Bacchanals* adore,  
With all their rage inspire me now,  
And *more* than *mortal* I shall soar.

Then be the danger what it may,  
'Tis BACCHUS leads—I cannot fear—  
Vine-crown'd BACCHUS shews the way ;  
'Tis sweet—'tis great to bravely dare.



## CH AN SON A BO I R E.

**N**O more of your sonnets, of folly and love!  
 Leave battles and blood to political fools!

Attend to my song; you will surely improve:  
 To BACCHUS I sing, my ambition he rules.

To the god of the vine I devote ev'ry vow,  
 Dispenser of joy, and inspirer of youth.  
 While I quaff his rich nectar immortal I grow,  
 And in wine, to a proverb, *good wine*, there is *truth*.

To the courage of MARS it is wine that gives birth;  
 To the beauty of VENUS it adds fresh delight;  
 Even MOMUS, without it, is lost to all mirth;  
 And PHOEBUS himself without wine could not write.

Then drain drythy *bumper*, you'll find 'twill inspire  
 With courage and wit, 'tis a foe to despair:  
 Fill, fill it *again*, for you only require  
 Another, to lift you superior to care.

A VOYAGE from DUBLIN to CHESTER.

In an Epistle to Lieutenant FRANCIS GENTLEMAN,  
Anno 1746.

**B**Eing forc'd, dear Frank, to part in haste,  
It vex'd me that I could not waste  
An hour, in bidding friends adieu ;  
The first of whom I reckon you.  
But in return I shall relate  
My travels, toils, and dangers great,  
Escapes too---such you will not doubt them,——  
For who e'er travel'd yet, without them ?

The captain press'd, a sturdy gale  
Sprung up, and quick we'hoisted sail :  
But e're the port we reach'd, the wind  
Chop'd quick about; and we confin'd,  
Chearless and sad, our anchor cast,  
Bound three long days by fortune fast.

Not Sancho, when in blanket toft,  
 Was more perplex'd than we thus crofs'd.  
 Still as the vefſel heav'd or tower'd,  
 Libations I to Neptune pour'd ;  
 Nor eat, reſolv'd each offering ſhou'd  
 Be pure as ſtream of vital blood.  
 Not Sybil, in prophetic fits,  
 Nor Delphic prieſteſs, void of wits,  
 Work'd more her frenzy to relieve,  
 Than I my offering *pure* to give.

At laſt a weſtern gale aroſe,  
 The ſoſteſt, kindeſt wind that blows ;  
 And ſhew'd the hills of Cambro-Britain,  
 Hills which impending tempeſts fit on,  
 Bidding th' indecent off'ring ceaſe,  
 And Cloacina quit the place.

See th' impatient goddeſs flies,  
 Hygeia fair her place ſupplies ;

Quick

Quick pies and pullets fill the board,  
 And punch and wine!——delicious hoard !  
 While gentle breezes round reviving,  
 Set ev'ry hungry stomach striving,  
 To clear the place of meat and trencher,  
 One, *more* than \* *Trojan*, eat his bench, fir.

For this, be Zephyre, thou ador'd,  
 Who kindly didst thy breeze afford,  
 To waft us to the happy shore,  
 Ne'er trod by foot of mine before :  
 May'st thou be still the poet's theme,  
 In fame's bright lists be thou supreme ;  
 May'st thou by lovers be carefs'd,  
 No other breeze fan Celia's breast ;

\* One of the passengers, who sat on a large stale loaf, for want of a better seat, was obliged to eat it, to satisfy his appetite. In this he did more than the Trojans mentioned in the sixth book of Virgil, who only eat their trenchers.



May nought but sweetest odours rise  
Upon thy pinion to the skies.

Behold my wat'ry toils got o'er !  
See me safe landed on the shore.  
The carriers croud : " Sir, horses, here ;  
" Sir, I've a handsome chaise and pair :  
" Are you for London, or for Chester ?  
" Here, put my horse but to the test, Sir ;  
" Walk, trot, or gallop, I'll be bound,  
" He beats all nags the country round ;  
" Hedge, ditch, or dale, he'll nothing baulk ;  
" Sir, he'll do any thing—but *talk*."

At last, to rid me of their clatter,  
And to decide th' important matter,  
I took one out, and got astride,  
Worse, grant, oh fate ! I ne'er may ride :  
Hard, for a journey, 'twas to fit him ;  
His furniture not made to fit him ;

The

The saddle broken, and uneasy,  
 The girth half loose, the stirrup crazy.  
 Hard such another, sure, to find !  
 Starv'd, broken-winded, lame, and blind.  
 In vain I lash'd, in vain I spur'd ;  
 He felt it not, nor faster stir'd.  
 Finding how fruitless 'twas to flog,  
 At his own rate I let him jog :  
 When, like my palfrey, founder'd quite,  
 Behold the *Falcon*, joyous fight !

Long as I draw this vital air,  
 Ye gods ! the *Falcon* I'll revere :  
 Here, to receive us, Miss *Kenea*,  
 As prim a dame as you shall see-a,  
 Gave welcome, with an air demure ;  
 A hearty one, you may be sure :  
 With her we sup'd, and drank some claret,  
 And I with water chose to mar it.

No *Justices*, tho' of the *Quorum*,  
 Cou'd have been serv'd with more *Decorum* ;  
 Her ready hand this lady fair  
 Extends to ev'ry *customer* ;  
 Courteous to all, but most to those  
 Whose first appearance money shows.  
 Well ; supper's done—I'll go to bed—  
 You're tired too, you droop your head :  
 Good night then, for I'll quit my pen,  
 Nor pester you with rhyme again,  
 Till somewhat chance that's worth your notice,  
 Then I shall scrawl, and tell you how 'tis ;  
 Whether we for Augusta steer,  
 Or how much longer sojourn *here*.

In the mean time, dear friend of mine,  
 Quick, quick, dispatch me one short line ;  
 Tell me, what most I want to know,  
*When* we may hope to meet, and *how* ;

Whe-

Whether from quarters you can come,  
And blefs, a while, my humble home :  
Till then, my Frank, I fhall difown  
All the gay pleasures of the town ;  
For pleasures fure they cannot be,  
If not enjoy'd and fhar'd by thee.

C O N.



## CONSCIENCE.

## A P O E M.

**W**ILL downy beds, or aromatic flowers,  
 Sequester'd shades, or amaranthine bowers,  
 Blunt the keen anguish of a troubled breast,  
 When guilty thoughts the startled soul invest ?  
 Not all the riches of wide India's shore,  
 Arabia's sweets, or Afric's golden store,  
 Can heal a wounded soul, nor cease the smart  
 By vice inflicted on a guilty heart :  
*Nature* and *Art* their charms in vain bestow ;  
 'Tis *Innocence* alone true peace can know.

Why starts *Lyfander* thus---at ev'ry noise ?  
 Where are his transports fled ? his home-felt joys ?  
 Wherefore, in vain, her notes does *Musick* pour ?  
 Or *Fortune* all her glitt'ring favours show'r ?

D

Stung

Stung with remorse, the *Plund'rer* dreads the  
weight

Of rigorous *Justice*, and avenging *Fate* ;  
For this he starts, if gentle zephyrs shake  
The patt'ring leaves, or tremble in the brake.  
The toiling peasant's breast no cares annoy ;  
His life is labour, and his labour joy ;  
His guiltless bosom knows not to relent,  
Rich in his homely fare, and sweet content ;  
In his lone humble cot the treasure lies,  
Which neither wealth can buy, nor pomp supplies.

Grant then, thou pow'r divine, whose single nod  
Can make the trembling world confess its God,  
That guilt my honest heart may never stain,  
Nor pungent *Conscience* dart afflicting pain :  
Turn me, O turn me, from the path impure ;  
In thee I trust, thy aid alone is sure.

EPIGRAMMA OWENI.

**Q**UI modo venisti nostram, mendicus, in urbem,  
Paululum, mutato nomine, fis medicus.  
Pharmaca das ægroto; aurum tibi porriget ager;  
Tu morbum curas illius; ille tuum.

The above EPIGRAM translated.

**O**Nce as a rat was Clotho poor,  
His skill in physic gave the cure :  
His med'cines drench the sick, while he  
Pockets the rich gratuity :  
What can be fairer pray than this ?  
Each heals in t'other what's amiss.

## A S O N G.

**I** ASK no muse to aid the song,  
 Nor deign t' invoke the heav'nly throng;  
 Bright Anna's charms my bosom fire,  
 And brightest subjects best inspire;  
 Within her arms more transports flow,  
 Than crowns can give, or monarchs know.

In Cupid's smiles bedeck'd, her face,  
 The auburn hairs of Venus grace;  
 Like Venus too, where'er she moves,  
 Wait on her steps a thousand loves;  
 Two stars have left their native skies,  
 And twinkle in my Anna's eyes.

As once, at Joshua's command,  
 The sun of old was seen to stand;

Her



Her pow'r, like his, again shall stay  
 The blazing chariot of the day ;  
 And Sol, on charms so bright to gaze,  
 With-hold from other climes his rays.

My heart, that boasted to be free,  
 Proof against love's soft witchery,  
 Now fondly hugs her easy chain ;  
 Nor pants for liberty again :  
 While in her arms I live and love,  
 I envy not the blest above.

Kind Fortune, lend a ready ear,  
 And grant, for once, the poet's pray'r !  
 Grant that my nymph continue true,  
 Ceaseless shall incense rise to you ;  
 Nothing can rival here below  
 The bliss my Anna can bestow.

To a LADY crying for the Death of her  
LAPDOG.

**G**Oddeſs fair, whom I adore,  
Dry your eyes, and weep no more ;  
Richer thoſe tears than Jaſon's fleece,  
Might ſooth a jarring world to peace :  
Were one of them but ſhed for me,  
How bleſs'd! how happy ſhou'd I be !  
Could I engroſs thy flighteſt care,  
'Twould baniſh from my ſoul deſpair.

That goddeſs to whoſe charms, in heav'n,  
The wreath of matchleſs beauty's giv'n,  
(A wreath which better might agree,  
Confer'd, my lovely nymph, on thee)  
To give her ſwelling ſoul relief,  
Oft ſtains her lucid eyes with grief ;

But

But for no trivial toy she sighs ;  
A lover lost bids sorrow rise.

Since then, at thy superior shrine,  
The willing world their hearts resign ;  
The bard, whose hope you oft beguile,  
Who only lives upon thy smile,  
With timid accent dares remind,  
Pity's for worthier ends design'd ;  
Say, why should brutes be thus caress'd ?  
Let nobler passions fire thy breast ;  
And to complete the ev'ry grace  
That spans thy shape, and blooms thy face ;  
Such wanton cruelty disdain,  
And weep the wrongs of some poor swain,  
Who, hopeless, drags the galling chain.  
Haste ! haste ! to snatch the present hour,  
And from the train, who own thy pow'r,

Select a lover to thy arms,  
Bless some fond youth with all thy charms.  
If you would chuse sincerity  
And truth——your choice will light on me.

For this to Love I'll altars raise,  
The woods shall eccho with his praise;  
And to the god aloft shall rise  
Thick wreaths of perfum'd sacrifice;  
The Muses, with no other name  
Shall swell the full-blown trump of fame.



THE TIS and PELEUS.

A PASTORAL.

RECITATIVE.

**N**EAR the auspicious sea where Venus rose,  
An antient wood of nodding cedar grows;  
Within whose verge fair Thetis sleeping lay,  
While thither youthful Peleus chanc'd to stray.

AIR.

He look'd, he wonder'd, and was aw'd ;  
His breast with passion glow'd ;  
Behind her stood Love's frolic god,  
And fresher charms bestow'd :  
Her high-heaving breasts such fond wishes inspire,  
That Cupid himself almost glows with desire.

And

And now he took his keenest dart,  
Directing right his aim ;  
Peleus felt it at his heart,  
And hug'd the pleasing flame ;  
Then softly approach'd, and attempted to sip  
The sweets of the Hybla that dwelt on her lip.

RECITATIVE.

Wak'd by the step she view'd him with surprize,  
And quick the wily arts of Proteus tries ;  
None, threat'ning danger, could like him evade ;  
A lion's angry form belied the maid ;  
But, conscious of her art, he dauntless stood,  
And in soft accents gentle pity su'd.

AIR.

Why my fond embrace do'st fly,  
Soul of beauty, tell me, why,  
Can a lover fear impress ?  
He who begs from thee redress.

View

View him with relenting eyes,  
Bless his wishes, or he dies.  
Can so bright a form contain  
A heart that joys in giving pain ?  
Not the tyger's angry glare,  
Not the savage you appear,  
Half the terrors can bestow,  
Which from thy indifference flow.

RECITATIVE.

While the sad youth his passion thus express'd,  
And fruitlessly the brutal form address'd ;  
Old Proteus rising sooth'd the lover's care,  
Reviv'd his heart, yet chid his tardy pray'r.

AIR.

Away with this distance ; timidity's vain  
When for the coy heart of a female you sue ;  
Tho' really she loves, she'll affect to disdain :  
Be bold, to secure you success, when you woo.

In

In spite of her arts, snatch the nymph to thy  
breast ;

From the raptur'd embrace, the fates have decreed,  
With the hero Achilles, the nymph shall be  
blest'd,

And the world shall acknowledge so glorious a deed.

RECITATIVE.

Such was the counsel skilful Proteus gave,  
Then plunging slowly sought his mossy cave.

The man who shrinks from danger,

But falls a prey to flight ;

The heart to fear a stranger,

Still conquers in the fight.

'Tis thus when love surprises,

That boldness gives redress ;

For Venus always prizes

The man who most can press.

RECI-



## RECITATIVE.

Nerv'd with new courage, to the nymph he flies;  
 Love warm'd his heart, and lighten'd up his eyes;  
 With arms resolv'd, he clasps the beauteous dame,  
 Nor tardy words his passion now proclaim.  
 She toils in vain, the hero holds her fast;  
 Till weary'd, she obeys the god at last.

## AIR.

Beauty warmest flame inspiring,  
 Should with equal flame be fought;  
 Boldness aids the fond desiring,  
 And dispels the gloom of thought.  
 Thou the joys of love pursuing,  
 Snatch the blessing ere it dies;  
 Youth and charms are lost in viewing,  
 Fortune fled for ever flies,

The

## The CATERPILLARS.

## A FABLE.

**I**N antient times, when brutes could speak,  
 And birds and beasts could chatter Greek ;  
 There grew a vine—no matter where—  
 It flourish'd ; 'twas the gardener's care ;  
 One of its leaves had always fed  
 A caterpillar—here 'twas bred.  
 But weary of a life of ease,  
 Its native dwelling could not please,  
 And fond of dear variety,  
 Wanted a neighb'ring leaf to see,  
 Whose glare attractive caught his eye ;  
 The substance he resolv'd to try ;  
 Soft was its down, a pearly hue  
 Adorn'd it from the falling dew ;

Already

Already there his course he bends,  
When one among his insect friends  
Intreated he'd a moment stay,  
And hear some words he had to say.

“ Brother, quoth he, depart not hence,  
“ Nor let your taste mislead your sense ;  
“ Yon verdant leaf, I own, is good,  
“ And may afford delicious food ;  
“ It gives a prospect of delight,  
“ And is, indeed, a charming sight ;  
“ But, view the gaping gulf between,  
“ The dangers that may intervene ;  
“ Say, what can scatter'd life recall,  
“ If in the passage you should fall ?  
“ Besides, you're certain soon to rise  
“ 'Mongst variegated butterflies,  
“ And emulate the plumed kind  
“ That gayly wanton in the wind ;

“ Who

“ Who soar above, and proudly view  
“ Creation’s lords---who still pursue  
“ Fantastic joys thro’ human life ;  
“ Imagin’d good, but real strife.

When yesterday the evening sun  
His daily course had almost run,  
The fairest form I ever saw,  
That well might fix’d attention draw,  
A form to give the eye delight,  
On yonder leaf, amaz’d my sight ;  
Its wings a thousand colours grac’d,  
Tall horns were on its forehead plac’d,  
Which added majesty profound ;  
A vest of down enwreath’d it round :  
My wonder the fair object sees,  
And solv’d it straight, in words like these.

“ Brother, an insect once, like you,  
“ I thence this fair existence drew ;

We



“ We are by nature all design’d  
“ To reach, in time, this happy kind,  
“ When we have pass’d a certain state ;  
“ With patience then the time await ;  
“ When metamorphos’d, you shall rise  
“ Beyond the ken of human eyes ;  
“ And, vested with extensive pow’r,  
“ May crop the sweets of ev’ry flow’r ;  
“ Thro’ nature’s lovely mazes range,  
“ Bless’d with the happy charms of change ;  
“ Partake of all she can unfold,  
“ Seek new delights, when cloy’d with old ;  
“ And in a moment measure space  
“ You’d now engross a day to trace.  
“ For this, preserve yourself with care,”  
Said he, “ for soon these joys you’ll share.”  
Then flap’d his painted wings in air ;

E

And

And on expanded pinions flew  
Beyond the limits of my view.

“ Timely be wise ; nor, sure of this,  
“ Seek thus to snatch uncertain bliss ;  
“ Like me be wary, and at ease  
“ Await the destiny’s decrees.”

Here stop’d th’ adviser ; t’other rough,  
Reply’d, “ Methinks you’ve said enough ;  
“ Teach fools such fancies to believe,  
“ Me with such flams you’ll ne’er deceive ;  
“ Content with smaller joys, I chuse  
“ To live, nor real pleasures lose  
“ For doubtful hopes, nor shall abstain,  
“ But quick the leaf alluring gain ;  
“ And wherefore should I thus delay,  
“ When instinct kindly points the way ?  
“ Farewel, fond dupe to fortune’s pow’r--  
“ ’Tis mine t’improve the present hour.”

So said, he madly frolick'd on,  
Laugh'd at advice, and hum'd a song ;—  
Ambition tremble, while I tell,  
The summit near obtain'd, he fell,  
To atoms crush'd at once, he dy'd ;  
And mingled with the dust his pride.

## An E P I G R A M.

**C**URIO, of titles and of lineage proud,  
 Gapes for the vain applauses of the croud ;  
 Like me were all my ancestors, he cries,  
 Such was my father's nose, my mother's eyes.  
 Inform us, gentle Curio, since we see  
 Their diff'ring features all intail'd on thee,  
 From whom, among this honourable race,  
 Dost thou derive thy matchless lack of grace.



A B A L L A D.

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

**T**HE swain with his flock by a brook loves  
to rest,

With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast ;

The fop, light as air, loves himself to behold,

The Briton his foe, and the miser his gold.

CHORUS.

The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul :

The delight of my heart is a full brimming bowl.

The huntsman, fatigu'd with the toil of the chase,

By the side of a fountain delights to solace :

At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine,

The beau at the play or assembly to shine.

*Chorus.* The pleasures I chuse, &c.

My Chloe's in raptures to hear herself prais'd,  
The courtier to find that his income is rais'd ;  
Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to blaze,  
And some silent shades, with a lover, can please.

*Chorus.* The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Fat bishops in lawn love at court to reside,  
The foil of ambition, the nurture of pride ;  
And palm-itching gamesters the dice ever chuse,  
Damn'd bards, like old lovers, still fumble the muse.

*Chorus.* The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and  
some tea,

Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some  
play ;

Their choices are dull, there's a spirit in wine,  
Which more than enliven with rapture divine.

*Chorus.* The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Abstract-

Abstracted from tumult and noise, who can be  
 With a friend and a bottle more happy than me,  
 Not kings, in their pomp, can more pleasures enjoy,  
 Their blessings may pall, but mine never can cloy.

*Chorus.* The pleasures I chuse, &c.



# A PARAPHRASE on the 146th Psalm:

**I**N heav'n's high King alone my hopes I'll place,  
 My guide his law shall be, my wealth his grace;  
 'Twas he who taught th' enliven'd world to move,  
 This earth below, yon circling spheres above;  
 Creation rose beneath his fost'ring hand,  
 And all things bow to his supreme command.

Vain man! renounce the shadowy support  
 Of treach'rous grandeur, or the flatt'ring court;

Light are our hopes, and vain in them our trust,  
 As marks imprinted on the faithless dust ;  
 Air-drawn delusions, that appear at most,  
 A meteor's fire in mazy vapours lost ;  
 What more the great than fortune's titled slaves ?  
 Ah ! what is all their wild ambition craves,  
 When their pomp sickens, and their glories fade,  
 When in the unrelenting grave they're laid ?  
 Fall, fall they must—the conquests of a day—  
 And all their pageantry be turn'd to clay——  
 Their visionary dreams of empire die,  
 Their schemes drop frustrate, and their pleasures fly.  
 Happy who in th' Omnipotent confide,  
 Whom no proud thoughts, no impious passions guide ;  
 Who shields the just from proud oppression's wrong,  
 Nor heeds the shafts of slander's venom'd tongue.

With health the Lord our feeble frame sustains ;  
 Dispels surrounding care, and lulls our pains ;

He



He from the bosom drives each anxious fear,  
 Soothes the sad groan, and wipes the falling tear.  
 He bids the soft, the trembling heart, be brave,  
 And sinks th' exulting victor to a slave :  
 His searching eye exalts the humble croud,  
 Awes the bold menacer, appals the proud ;  
 In him a father helpless orphans find,  
 A spouse the widow, and a guide the blind :  
 He can alone o'ercome the wily foe,  
 And from his servant shield the threaten'd blow.  
 From him is all ; from his appointment springs  
 Alike the fate of kingdoms and of kings :  
 His wide-extended pow'r determines all,  
 And at his nod whole empires rise and fall :  
 Ruler supreme ! thy throne shall ever be—  
 Thy empire boundless as eternity !

A M Y M O N E.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

**N**ear Argos, where with insolent command,  
The foaming furges lash the rocky land,  
From a Faun's love fair Amymone fled ;  
A deadly paleness o'er her visage spread ;  
The azure God she in her flight intreats,  
Fond Eccho thus the plaintive strain repeats.

AIR.

Neptune, whose trident rules the waves,  
Whose pow'r exerted honour saves,  
Attend a virtuous maiden's pray'r,  
Ah ! let it not be lost in air.  
Save me ! oh save me ! from the harms  
That threat thy tender vot'ries charms :

So

So shall I always bow to thee,  
Still own thee for my deity.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung the nymph, her face bedew'd with tears,  
While Neptune hastes to dissipate her fears ;  
Quick the Faun fled, and thus the God address'd  
The trembling nymph, and kindled love express'd.

AIR.

Lovely nymph, the rude repel,  
'Tis beauty's pow'r the fierce to quell ;  
He who scorns for love to sue  
Merits scorn and torture too.  
Happy he who wears thy chains,  
Blest his raptures, sweet his pains.  
On that heav'nly bosom dying,  
Gently breathing, softly sighing ;  
Joys beyond a mortal's share,  
Joys the gods alone can bear.

Happy

Happy he who wears thy chains,  
 Blest his raptures, sweet his pains.  
 Oh ! let me then thy pity move,  
 'Thou best, thou only source of love :  
 Spare, spare a God so lately free,  
 And wounded but in aiding thee.  
 Rival to the Queen of Love,  
 Hear my passion, and approve.

## RECITATIVE.

How could the Nymph resist celestial charms ?  
 She heard the God, and sunk into his arms.  
 What had she from the savage Faun to fear,  
 More than she met from her protector here ;  
 While modest Doris to her cave retir'd,  
 Shame in her heart, her face with blushes fir'd,  
 And gently thus her listening train inspir'd.

}



( 61 )

AIR.

Nymphs, whose hearts incline to love,  
Hear my moral, and improve ;  
Love is but a present fire,  
Soon enjoyment quells desire.  
Vows of lovers are deceit,  
When for favours they intreat ;  
Shun the snare, for if you're caught,  
You'll, too soon, the truth be taught.  
Force will ne'er ensure the heart ;  
Force only proves a want of art :  
But, my nymphs beware your fate  
From him who can insinuate.

To

## To a LADY who writes elegantly.

**H**OW can the Muse her song refrain,  
 When Silvia's merit asks the strain?  
 Quick let the fragrant incense rise,  
 Her wit a boundless theme supplies.

Now rais'd on tow'ring wing she soars,  
 And ev'ry Muse's haunt explores;  
 Apollo, from Olympus' height,  
 Marks, thro' mid-air, her wond'rous flight:  
 Hark! hark! she strikes the sounding lyre;  
 What raptures high each note inspire!  
 How bright the beams of fancy glow!  
 How strong, how sweet, the numbers flow!  
 Their claim to judgment, genius, wit,  
 Dacier and Scudery pleas'd submit:  
 Orinda, once the fair and young,  
 Lov'd theme of ev'ry poet's song;

Ev'n

Ev'n Sappho's self resigns to thee  
The prize of wit and harmony.

O could I fire the soul like Rowe,  
Could I with Shakespear's fancy glow ;  
Were mine the strength of Milton's lays,  
Uncensur'd I might dare thy praise :  
Then would I all thy beauties trace,  
Thy matchless mind, thy charming face ;  
Then like thyself I might display  
My Silvia rival of the day.

To

To SILVIA, on her receiving the fore-  
going Lines coldly.

**S**ilvia, with soft bewitching eye,  
You fondly raise the tender sigh;  
Love's flame to ev'ry breast impart,  
And sov'reign rule o'er ev'ry heart :  
Your's is the shape proportion'd sleek,  
The coral lip, vermilion'd cheek,  
The forehead smooth, the well-turn'd nose,  
And teeth as white as falling snows,  
Two iv'ry globes that heave in fight,  
Pregnant with rapturous delight,  
The graceful step, the sprightly air,  
And each perfection of the fair ;  
Yet you disdain the meaner arts  
By women us'd to conquer hearts ;

With



With transport hear true merit shown,  
 And ev'ry virtue—but your own :  
 Why else should Silvia flight the verse  
 That would her matchless praise rehearse ;  
 How vain the task ?—thy fame shall live,  
 Void of the aid the Muse might give ;  
 Be meaner worth to verse confin'd,  
 Yours is in ev'ry breast enshrined.

In distant times the hoary fire  
 Shall teach his charge, with fond desire,  
 To catch thy graceful ease and air,  
 Loveliest thou amongst the fair.

Our grandsons shall to grandsons tell,  
 In such an age did Silvia dwell ;  
 Silvia from affectation free,  
 And ev'ry fault,—ev'n vanity.

'Twas bold, I own, to dare to draw  
 A beauty form'd the world to awe ;

F

But,

But, say, if I too fondly flew,  
 And aim'd my daring flight at you,  
 Tho' faithless to the task design'd,  
 My pen but faintly sketch my mind,  
 Is it ignoble not to reach  
 What makes the boasted pow'r of speech?  
 What wonder, if the poet's lays  
 Grow poor, and languid in thy praise?  
 Reject not, with such cold disdain,  
 The tribute of an humble swain;  
 Like heav'n, my Silvia should approve  
 Not the faint's offering, but his love.

CUPID

CUPID GONE ASTRAY.

A SONG, imitated from JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

**T**ELL me, lasses, have ye seen  
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,  
Beauty's son, a little boy,  
Full of frolic, mirth, and joy ?  
If you know his shelter, say,  
He's from Venus gone astray.

Tell me, lasses, have ye seen  
Such a one trip o'er the green.  
By his marks the God you'll know :  
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,  
And a quiver fraught with darts,  
Poison sure to human hearts ;  
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,  
He can triumph o'er the mind.

Tell me, lasses, have ye seen  
Such a one trip o'er the green.

Subtle as the light'ning's wound  
Is his piercing arrow found ;  
While the bosom'd heart it pains,  
No external mark remains ;  
Reason's shield itself is broke  
By the unsuspected stroke.

Tell me, lassies, have ye seen  
Such a one trip o'er the green.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie,  
Basking in the sunny eye ;  
Or his destin'd prey he seeks  
On the maiden's rosy cheeks ;  
Snowy breasts, or curling hair,  
Oft conceal his pleasing snare,

Tell me, lassies, have ye seen

Such a one trip o'er the green.

She that the recess reveals  
Where the God himself conceals,

Shall



Shall a kiss receive this night  
From him who is her heart's delight ;  
To Venus let her bring the boy,  
She shall taste love's sweetest joy.

Tell me, lasses, have ye seen  
Such a one trip o'er the green.



E P I G R A M M A.

Authore G. BUCHANANO.

**C***Armina quod sensu careant, mirare, Doleti,  
Quando qui scripsit carmina, mente caret.*

The above EPIGRAM englished.

**W**Hat wonder Doletus should write witless  
strains,  
When, alas ! the poor man has *no guts in his brains.*

## The FOWLER and the NIGHTINGALE.

## A FABLE.

**F**ortune, fickle as the wind,  
 Always too, like Cupid, blind ;  
 Now, but rarely, virtue crowns,  
 Now, on vice and folly frowns ;  
 Now, without distinction, throws  
 Pomp and titles, care and woes ;  
 Heedless where her gifts descend,  
 Fortune seldom has a friend ;  
 Whimsical as woman, she  
 Nought is but inconstancy ;  
 Woo her, virgin-like, she'll fly,  
 But neglect her, she'll comply :  
 Deals the Goddess good, or ill,  
 Giddy she, and lavish still.

Your

Your lot enjoy, nor idly stretch  
 To grasp at good beyond your reach :  
 Thus joy shall wing each happy hour,  
 And mock the busy wanton's pow'r ;  
 My meaning let a tale display ;  
 Silence ! the Muse directs the way.

In hope some store of game to get,  
 A cunning Fowler cast his net ;  
 And Philomela, in her flight,  
 Chanc'd within the toil to light ;  
 Her native freedom to regain,  
 She tried her tangled wings, in vain ;  
 Of strength depriv'd, and almost spent,  
 Since hope no distant prospect sent,  
 She would have sunk in death content.

But that which breaks thro' ev'ry law,  
 Necessity, a loop-hole saw,

And whisper'd flyly in her ear—

“ How ineffectual is your fear?

“ A little art will oft prevail,

“ Where giant force is sure to fail ;

“ Compose yourself, with patience fit,

“ Reserve your strength, and try your wit.”

Advis'd, she thus, in soothing strain,

Try'd wonted liberty to gain.

“ Good friend, said she, if you'll restore

“ The parted freedom I deplore,

“ Three precious secrets I'll disclose,

“ And wisdom from the knowledge flows ;

“ I see compassion in thy face,

“ Pity's innate in human race ;

“ Doubt not, but ev'ry word believe ;

“ Revoke the grant, if I deceive.”

The Fowler paus'd, but bade proceed,

Having to the request agreed ;

And



And in those honest days, observe,  
On promises one need not starve ;  
Then man held faith his better part,  
Words were the index of the heart ;  
Then honour was the courtier's guide,  
And virtue was his greatest pride ;  
Nor was it reckon'd ungentleel,  
Another's misery to feel.

“ Restrain, cry'd she, your fond belief,  
“ Credulity's the cause of grief ;  
“ Because, in fancy's glare survey'd,  
“ Our thoughts their own delusion aid ;  
“ Ere you determine, weigh with care,  
“ Let reason the decision bear :  
“ Pursue not what you can't attain ;  
“ Idle such pursuit, and vain :  
“ Learn to forget, or to endure,  
“ The evils which you cannot cure.”

Thus

Thus Philomel her wisdom show'd,  
 The Fowler liberty bestow'd ;  
 While, disengag'd, on gladsome wings,  
 Into the freer air she springs :  
 Yet, ere she gains her native sky,  
 She cunningly resolv'd to try  
 Of what effect her maxims prov'd,  
 Whether he was by reason mov'd ;  
 And thus began the artful round :  
 " Thou fool ! of fools the most profound !  
 " Why with such ease didst let me go,  
 " When, had you rip'd my belly, know,  
 " You'd found a gem as rich, as bright,  
 " As e'er Indostan gave to fight."

At this with grief the Fowler pin'd,  
 The maxims blotted from his mind ;  
 Curs'd his hard fate, and loudly swore  
 He ne'er was bubbled so before ;

While

While she, secure, in liquid air,  
Smiles at his rage, and mocks his care.

Again the snare was fruitless spread,  
She was no more to be misled;  
Nor ambush'd art, nor open force,  
Could bar the freedom of her course;  
Now, just in reach, his hope beguiles;  
Then, at a distance, mocks his toils;  
Now sweeps above the mountain's brow;  
Then skims along the vale below;  
While he pursues,—the love of gain  
Suspends the sense of present pain.  
The day, at length, began to close,  
And fast the evening vapours rose;  
The homely housewife ceas'd to spin,  
The peasant from his work came in;  
While from the clay-built chimneys, smoke,  
A gladsome sign! in volumes broke;

The night brought on the dewy cold,  
The flocks were safe within their fold,  
The feather'd songsters sought their nest,  
All nature nodded into rest ;  
When Philomel, from stately oak,  
In words like these, insulting spoke :

“ Is this, says she, your boasted sense ?

“ Can you to reason have pretence ?

“ Yet blot my maxims from your breast,

“ Like characters on sand impress'd ;

“ The road to happiness neglect,

“ Tho' in your hands the clue direct.

“ I had you but my advice observ'd,

“ You had not thus to folly swerv'd,

“ Nor been to avarice a slave,

“ Depending on the rules I gave ;

“ My words had seem'd a shining cheat,

“ A study'd vengeance, all deceit :

“ How



“ How could you think that gems should fall

“ Unto a simple Nightingale ?

“ Or think to match my flight, while I

“ The airy region soaring try ?

“ While you to duller earth confin’d,

“ Can only tower with the mind ;

“ And ev’n here your flight’s curtail’d,

“ Or else my lesson had avail’d.”

The Bird thus having finish’d, fled,  
The Fowler blush’d, and hung his head.

Such is the pilgrimage thro’ life,  
Successless toil, incessant strife,  
Wealth’s teeming hoard of care t’ attain,  
Or envy’d heights of pomp to gain.  
The end this mighty truth will show,  
Content was never found below ;  
He who its perfect bliss wou’d taste,  
To heav’n must soar, for there ’tis plac’d.

## A S O N G.

Imitated from Dr. DONNE.

SEND me back my eyes, false maid ;  
 Too, too long, with thee they've stray'd ;  
 Yet they've learn'd from thine, I fear,  
 To drop dissimulation's tear ;  
 Should you arm them with this ill,  
 I disclaim them ; keep them still.

Send me back my wander'd heart,  
 Free from fraud, and void of art ;  
 Yet, I fear, 'tis taught by thee  
 To jest at lover's perjury :  
 Then the traitor I resign ;  
 Keep it, 'tis no longer mine.

Yet, return them, quick, I say ;  
 For they shall no longer stray ;

One shall leap, the other smile,  
When falsehood shall thy love beguile ;  
When you'll weep the broken vow  
Of some one false, as thou art now.

Now I see the lifted dart,  
See it wound thy destin'd heart ;  
How th' inflicted suff'rings please ;  
Thy anguish gives my bosom ease :  
Of her pains increase the store,  
Cupid, she deserves much more.

VULCAN'S REVENGE.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

**L**ong had the radiant God who rules the day,  
Love's brighter Goddess su'd, and own'd  
her sway :

In vain he burns ; in vain, alas ! he fights ;  
Mars was ordain'd to win the lovely prize.

AIR.

Wit and music try, in vain,  
Ev'ry soul-inchanting strain ;  
Stranger she to real joys,  
Yields to dissonance and noise.  
Ye whose happiness relies  
On the glance of sparkling eyes,  
Know that seldom true desert  
Can ensure a female heart.

Think



Think it not to merit due,  
If your mistress chuses you ;  
Whim alone her choice decides,  
Whim alone her actions guides.

RECITATIVE.

Alternate passions Phœbus' heart engage,  
Love now predominates, now jealous rage,  
Revenge impells, he seeks the Lemnian cave :  
To Vulcan tells the bliss that Venus gave ;  
How she improv'd the honours of his face,  
And war's rough God clasp'd in her fond embrace.

AIR.

How precarious the rapture that lovers enjoy,  
When stolen the pleasures, their moments employ ;  
Expos'd to the malice of envy, or spite,  
How pall'd the embrace is, how short the delight !

RECITATIVE.

Vulcan enrag'd quick spreads a fatal snare,  
And sacred springs caught the happy pair ;

G

The

The Gods he fummon'd to behold his shame,  
 Each sneering wish'd his lot had been the same;  
 While merry Momus, with a comic face,  
 Hails him the wisest of immortal race;  
 Despis'd, he quits the skies; while hisses round,  
 Pursue him to the Lemnian caves profound.

## AIR.

Jealousy's the bane of pleasure  
 'Tis to true repose a foe;  
 He that harbours it, the treasure  
 Of content, can never know.  
 Chloe's false perhaps—conceal it,—  
 Hide the secret in your breast;  
 He, whose passion would reveal it,  
 But becomes the public jest.

A PARA-

## A PARAPHRASE on the 19th Psalm:

**T**HE heav'ns instruct the earth  
 Their Maker to adore ;  
 All, all, the work divine proclaim ;  
 And praise him evermore.  
 Oh ! how sublime, the rapturous song,  
 The melody how sweet,  
 When heav'n and earth in chorus join,  
 His wonders to repeat !  
 What harmony divine,  
 What loud acclaims arise ;  
 All return the willing sound,  
 Fire, water, earth, and skies.  
 His vast, his boundless works,  
 Our feeble thoughts confound ;  
 In vain our eyes explore,  
 For light but veils him round.

Of his immortal pow'r,  
 Dumb adoration speaks ;  
 Night tells it to succeeding night,  
 Day to the day that breaks.  
 Yet wonder comes, our glimm'ring aid,  
 Wonder, the guide of man to God ;  
 'Tis wonder lifts the searching eye,  
 And points the blest'd abode.  
 'Twas he, with twinkling stars, who grac'd  
 The raven down of night ;  
 'Twas he, who on the day bestow'd  
 Yon solar orb of light.  
 Blest with his rays, creation smiles,  
 His influence how great,  
 Enlivening, cheering, quickning all,  
 With his prolific heat !  
 Mark ! mark ! how through the dusky gloom  
 He pours his cheering light ;  
 While,



While, like a giant, proud, he comes,

Exulting in his might.

His radiant course th'ambient air

With heav'nly fragrance fills ;

Spreads richness thro' the humbler vale,

And decks the prouder hills.

Thy bounties, Lord, thy mild decrees,

When ravish'd we behold,

Well may we mourn the worldling's lot,

Who pines amidst his gold.

O ! strengthen me in virtue's course,

Inspire with heav'nly awe ;

So shall my soul thy words revere,

And humbly keep thy law.

Thy grace diffus'd, in youthful breasts,

There love and wisdom dwell ;

And infants warm'd with truths divine,

The hoary sage excel.

Oh ! let thy purer flame divine,

Be active to controul,

That guilt, which glares in open day,

Or darkling haunts the soul.

Thenceforth, thy word shall be my guide,

No glory will I claim,

But that the God, who gave me life,

And saves me, is the same.



An Epistle to the Reverend Mr. \*\*\*\*.

**D**EAR Crape, 'tis with regret and sorrow,  
We think of losing you to-morrow ;  
When you, once more, must hurry down,  
To booby squire, and country clown ;  
Nor mingle here, your joyous soul,  
With social friends, o'er flowing bowl.

Bless'd,

blest'd, if on Sundays you regale,  
 With Gaffer Nobs, o'er foggy ale;  
 Or chance, on week-day, to espy,  
 As haply you are faunt'ring by,  
 A Tithe-pig, in your neighbour's sty.

But not to rally thus and sneer,  
 On subjects which you dread to hear;  
 Say—e're you ramble, God knows whither;  
 Shall we not crack one pint together?  
 As for your friend, by strefs of gout,  
 Or something else!—he can't stir out,  
 But you, in *verbo sacerdotis*,  
 Which you will freely own, for so 'tis,  
 Did promise to come here at seven,—  
 Keep but your word—it makes all even.  
 Bring honest Otway in your pocket,  
 Within my chest I'll safely lock it;  
 Bring Juv'nal, notis variorum,  
 Translators should have these before 'em.

If the appointment you neglect,  
 We our epistles can't direct ;  
 All correspondence then must fail ;  
 A thing we sorely should bewail :  
 Advice will therefore be expedient,  
 To, Sir, your humble and obedient.

From my apartments, June the second,  
 May twenty first, by old stile reckon'd.



### AN ANSWER to the foregoing EPISTLE.

**I** AM oblig'd this night, dear Sam,  
 To go with Mercury, and cram  
 My heron-gut, with Master T——s;  
 And thank him for his former favours ;  
 But, by to-morrow noon, will hop  
 To you, and eat a mutton-chop ;

Where



Where I could wish to meet Sir Francis,  
 That rhyming writer of romances;  
 And with you chat an hour or two,  
 Then take a fad, and long adieu.

B——ps ? a tyrant generation !  
 Good heav'n, excuse th'exclamation !  
 But I must rail, for I am undone,  
 In being forc'd to leave dear London,  
 And lose so long your chearful tattle ;  
 But sure by letter we may prattle ;  
 And freely talk of all these fellows,  
 Who strut about in rich prunellas ;  
 And with rank pride and folly stock'd are ;—  
 A hated race to yours, the D——r.

F. J.

On

\* ON A LADY SINGING.

Inscribed to Miss —

**A**S Silvia fill'd the vocal air,  
With sounds that banish'd ev'ry care;  
The neighb'ring hills, the vallies round,  
The rocks, the thrilling notes resound;  
The satyrs wild, enraptur'd stood,  
And Fauns and Dryads left the wood;

\* The plan of this trifling piece is founded on a Latin poem inscribed to Damon, to be found in the *Poemata Italorum*, which Mr. Pope published; the original contains some things more properly adapted to an Italian than an English taste, which here by changing the compliment to a female are happily lost. The modesty of the lady to whom they are inscribed, would have suppress'd them; but I fear'd depriving some of our modern genii of an opportunity of passing for poets; who if their mistress sing well, and either her christian or surname be two syllables, may copy these, and pass them for his own.

The

The bounding doe, the savage bear,  
Unite the melody to hear.

Thames, hoary sire ! uprears his head,  
Attentive to the rapt'rous maid ;  
And fill'd with wonder and surprize,  
Upon the surface resting lies.

Apollo listen'd in a shade,  
And thus the God of music said ;

My Orpheus, sure, whom long I've mourn'd,  
Is from Elyfian shades return'd ;  
None, none but Orpheus could bestow  
The transports from these sounds that flow.

But when he saw from whence they sprung,  
The hand that play'd, the nymph that sung ;  
Low at her feet his lyre he laid,  
And plac'd a chaplet on her head ;  
Hence, matchless and unrival'd, she,  
Reigns over love and harmony.

THE

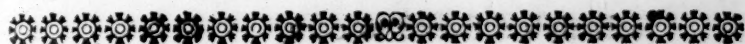
## The UNIVERSAL MISTAKE.

**M**Y fair Flavilla, t'other night  
 With garlands deck'd, appear'd so bright,  
 The world mistook her sparkling eyes  
 For morning's unexpected rise;  
 And at the sight, the teeming earth  
 Gave to the sweetest odours birth;  
 While music echo'd thro' the air,  
 Tribute of ev'ry dancing sphere;  
 The stars with fainter glimm'ring burn'd,  
 And fondly thought the day return'd;  
 Sol stretch'd upon his osier bed,  
 Where Thetis lap sustain'd his head,  
 Rous'd, after her his race to turn;  
 He too mistook her for the morn;  
 While Neptune, monarch of the main,  
 Could scarce within his bounds contain;

But



But when he saw a nymph so bright,  
Unable to sustain the sight,  
“ ’Tis death, he cry’d, for him that views !”  
And instant sunk beneath the ooze.



V E N U S    a n d    A D O N I S .

A C A N T A T A

RECITATIVE.

**V**ENUS and Mars confess’d an equal flame ;  
Their hopes, their wishes, and their joys  
the same ;

Till green-ey’d jealousy disturb’d his rest,  
Watchful he scoul’d, and peevishly carest ;  
Conduct like this the Goddess must displease,  
Freedom, her province, her perfection, ease.

AIR.

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AIR.

Swains avoid the rigid air,  
The prying look, the brow severe,  
If you'd have the nymph approve,  
Shun these foes to female love.  
Jealousy's a friend to care,  
Close connected with despair ;  
Its companions are constraint,  
Disappointment and complaint.  
To secure a woman's heart,  
This you'll find the only art ;  
In her honour still confide,  
She'll preserve it out of pride.

RECITATIVE.

This rous'd th'Idalian queen to seek abroad,  
Some kinder object to displace the God ;  
Adonis seen his potent charms invade,  
A form more lovely nature never made :

Less

Lefs beautiful the ruddy Bacchus rode,  
When Ariadne blefs'd the youthful God.

AIR.

The Naiads cold the youth desire,  
For him the Dryads feel desire ;  
And sportive Fauns with smile approve,  
The choice of Cytherea's love :  
Struck with his beauty Pan retir'd,  
And broke his reeds ; but yet admir'd:  
Adonis all unrivall'd reigns,  
The darling of the rustic plains.

RECITATIVE.

And now the youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
Awe in his heart, and blushes in his face,  
Approach'd ; while Cupid hov'ring in the sky,  
View'd, and an arrow thro' his heart let fly ;  
For Beauty's queen the raptur'd mortal burns,  
As fond a passion beauty's queen returns ;

The

( 96 )

The God of hostile sway beholds, too late,  
His fault, and imprecates his hapless fate.

AIR.

Thou who would'st charm the virgin's ear,  
To soft consenting mutual fire;  
This short this lasting maxim hear,  
'Twill mould her to thy warm desire:  
Be kind,—and thou shalt kindness prove,—  
The first great mystery of love.

T H E



The P R E P A R A T I O N.

A N O D E.

**H**ERE let the violet disclose  
Its odours, strew the blushing rose;  
Carnations, jessamine, and thyme,  
With perfumes from Arabia's clime.

*Chorus.* The mistress of my heart is near,  
With love and wine the hours I'll cheer.

And here with verdant boughs exclude  
The beams of Phœbus, scorching rude;  
Let zephires soft refreshment shed,  
And beeches cooling leaf be spread.

*Chorus.* The mistress, &c.

To animate my sprightly soul,  
Set on the board the icy bowl;

H

With

With claret be the glasses crown'd,  
While laughing pleasure dances round,

*Chorus.* The mistress, &c.

Thus let me ever spend my life,  
Remote from care, and free from strife ;  
Enjoy its sweets, while life I have,  
Perhaps to-morrow brings a grave.

*Chorus.* The mistress of my heart is near,  
With love and wine the hours I'll cheer.



## A S O N G.

**W**HILE with labour and toil,  
Mars travers'd the isle  
Of Cnidus, his goddess to find ;  
He storm'd, and he swore,  
That she never more  
Should tyrannize over his mind.

In

In the gloom of a shade;  
 The Goddess was laid,  
 Adonis close clap'd in her arms ;  
 While in raptures she glows,  
 Secure of repose,  
 Nor thought of opposing alarms.  
 While the God roughly chaff'd,  
 Sly Cupid, who laugh'd,  
 Flew quick with the news, as desire,  
 She starts from her bow'r,  
 Exerts all her pow'r,  
 And fac'd him while swelling with ire.  
 She look'd ; he relented ;  
 She sigh'd ; he repented ;  
 She spoke ; to her bosom he flew,  
 There melting with love,  
 Forgot to reprove,  
 And fancy'd her constant and true.

The REQUEST, to MYRA.

A RURAL ODE.

**T**HE God of love, to courts alone,  
Did ne'er confine his fires ;  
The swain in rustic cot has known  
To pant with warm desires.

Beneath yon verdant shade behold,  
A gloomy shepherd lies ;  
Why does he thus his arms enfold ?  
'Tis written in his eyes.

The lovely Myra has his heart,  
'Tis she has stolen his ease ;  
And now he meditates the art,  
Of knowing how to please.

While



While she, o'er th' enamel'd plain,  
Like Cynthia drives the deer ;  
Or Clio-like chants forth a strain,  
Minerva's self might hear.

Myra be kind, as thou art fair,  
Raise the desponding youth,  
From melancholy and despair,  
To bless thee with his truth.

So shall the nymphs and swains, who press  
The lawn, in sportive maze ;  
Still Myra as their queen caress,  
And carol forth her praise.

EPIGRAMMA OWENI.

**S***I latet in vino verum, ut proverbia dicunt,  
Invenit verum, Teuto, vel inveniet.*

The above EPIGRAM translated.

**I**F truth's in wine, as proverbs make no doubt,  
Smith has, or surely will, the truth find out.



To Mr. GENTLEMAN,

On reading his Play of SEJANUS, inscribed to  
JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

**T**IS thine, thou rising wonder of the age !  
To banish dullness from the tortur'd stage;  
To fill the scene with true poetic fire;  
Fair virtue's gen'rous precepts to inspire ;

Lash'd

Lash'd by thy pen, each hell-sprung vice shall fly,  
Fast as fall vapours from an evening sky.

When dread ambition swells Sejanus' breast,  
Who does not weep for liberty oppress'd ?  
Madly aspiring, who but weeps, that he  
With brutal force attacks ev'n royalty ?  
While injur'd Rome mourns her degen'rate race,  
Who share his crimes,—their ancestry debase—  
Dishonest statesmen canton out her pow'r,  
Her fairest hopes destroy'd in one sad hour ;

So nipping eastern blasts at once consume,  
The promis'd fruits of nature's early bloom :  
But ripe with crimes, with pride and pomp elate,  
When the swift whirl of still presiding fate,  
Throws the fell monster from his tow'ring height ;  
Then pleasure sparkles in each honest eye,  
And ev'ry free-born heart expands with joy.

Britons, who in their happier foil behold,  
 Her high-rai'd banners liberty unfold ;  
 Who feel the joys her influence bestows,  
 What sweet content from her protection flows,  
 Shall hail the happy bard, who wisely knew  
 To drag the traitor into public view ;  
 To point the thunder at his impious head,  
 And strike th'aspiring bold offender dead.

Oh! ne'er, in Britain, may the wretch be found,  
 With ruffian hands who dare his country wound :  
 May freedom ever boast her lenient sway,  
 And only with a mouldring world decay.

If rays so lively gild thy early morn,  
 What lustre must thy brighter noon adorn ;  
 When he, whom wit, whom learning, virtue loves,  
 Judgment's true standard, Orrery approves !

An



AN EPIGRAM.

**D**OST mean an affront?—cries humorous Will  
To Hodge, who was driving his calves up  
to town ;

Indeed, fir, fays Hodge, if ought I've done ill,  
Pray pardon my error, but fault I fee none :  
See none, replies Will, in a feeming great heat ;  
Yet thus drive before you, the council and ftate.



A SONG,

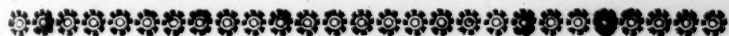
In Fashionable Taſte.

**Y**ES ! behold th'egregious charmer,  
Sweetly wound my tender heart ;  
Gentle God of love, difarm her !  
And beſtow on me her art.

Soft

Soft meanders sweetly streaming,  
Down the course of yonder hill ;  
While Apollo warmly beaming,  
Melts the rock like frozen rill.  
See the stately elm, high waving,  
Taper branches in the air ;  
While the madden'd lover raving,  
Deafens eccho with despair.  
Deep in yonder arbor lying,  
Harken, don't you hear his moan ;  
He adores yon charmer flying ;  
But pursues not, vigour gone.  
Sweetest odours round arising,  
Gratify the grateful sense ;  
These the swain contented prizing,  
Sorrow bids them, " far from hence."  
Zephyr, thou of winds the sweetest,  
When you rustle thro' the wood ;

Of the deer the swiftest, fleetest,  
Flies, as if in chace pursu'd.  
While the tender powers of passion  
Captivate my wounded breast,  
Why should I resist the fashion,  
Welcome love ! be thou my guest.



On a M E D A L,

With the Impression of CHRISTINA Queen of  
Sweden, on one Side ; on the Reverse, the Sun.

From the Latin of HEINSIUS.

C H R I S T I N A's form, when Phœbus saw,  
The lovely portrait struck his view ;  
The hand, he cry'd, such charms can draw,  
May well attempt my glories too.

A

A HYMN to BACCHUS.

Written in 1746.

*Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,  
All transport insipid, and pleasure a pain ;  
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave :  
Love and wine give, ye Gods, or take back what ye  
gave.*

COMUS.

**L**ET others, in more lofty verse,  
The sounding deeds of arms rehearse ;  
Sardinia's views, and Prussia's schemes,  
My Muse delights in happier themes ;  
Let others Russia's councils tell,  
And vainly labour to reveal,  
From France, with infidels combin'd,  
Against the German eagle join'd,  
How anxious Europe waits her doom,  
How frowns the fate of Christendom :

I sing



I sing a more delightful strain,  
Bacchus inspiring ev'ry vein.

Blithe dispenser of my joy,  
Thou who do'st my vows employ,  
Bacchus, guardian of the Nine,  
On me, oh ! propitious shine ;  
With hallow'd ivy crown my brow ;  
Quick let the inspiration flow :  
Thine can the soul from sadness raise,  
To thee I consecrate my lays.

Thine's the choicest, richest blessing,  
Poor the rest, nor worth possessing ;  
Thine the gen'rous purple flood,  
That warms the heart, and fires the blood :

Inspir'd by thee, we more than live,  
You to the Gods new glories give ;  
And ever blooming, young and fair,  
Banish heart-corroding care.

You

You for the melting conflict arm,

Enhance the bliss, improve the charm ;

When Love and Wine their pow'rs unite,

The bosom's fill'd with soft delight.

What pleasures thrill thro' ev'ry vein,

While Love and Wine their pow'rs sustain ;

Cupid's soft pleasures pall and die,

Should Wine's gay God his aid deny ;

He the warrior's breast inspires ;

He the poet's fancy fires.

Queen of Love, invok'd, appear,

Bring thy fair attendants here ;

Bring the nimble hours along ;

Round thee let the graces throng ;

Laughing Cupids grace thy train :

Let us not invoke in vain.

Haste, Goddess, haste, nor thus delay,

Complete our joys !——Oh come away ;

So shall thy vot'ries lowly bend,

Thy presence owning—quick descend.

For thee I touch the trembling string ;

The rapture that I feel, I sing :

Pleasure here shall none control,

Thee awaits the sprightly bowl ;

Bacchus, guardian of the feast,

Begs it may by thee be grac'd:

War's rough God too long detains ;

Oh ! lift to our inviting strains ;

Hark !—the cooing doves proclaim

The coming of the Cyprian dame.

Yonder mark the frolic swain,

Chases Doris o'er the plain ;

Love within his bosom high,

Bacchus sparkling in his eye ;

Deep in yonder shady grove,

Doris soon shall taste of love ;

Free from witness, free from noise,  
Cupid likes to pour his joys.

From our feast is banish'd far,  
Rude contest, and party war ;  
Hence, who with insulting strain,  
Would our sacred rites profane !  
For the bully's haughty air,  
We have here no room to spare ;  
Sons of folly, sons of noise,  
Fly, nor mar our hallow'd joys !

With our transports we dispense  
Ease, and mirth, and wit, and sense ;  
These our festive board supply,  
Blest with love and jollity.



EPIGRAMMA AUDONEI.

**B** *Arba tibi crevit, ceciderunt, marce, capilli*  
*Inde tibi gravis est barba, caputque leve.*

The above Epigram translated.

**T**HE hairs upon thy beard encrease,  
Thy head's a naked sight;  
Hence is thy beard so heavy grown,  
Thy head so very light.



The RESOLUTION.

A N O D E.

**L** O V E shall no more my soul molest ;  
Nor triumph in my peaceful breast ;  
I'll figh no more for Celia's charms ;  
Nor blifs expect from Myra's arms.

I

'Tis

'Tis brighter glory fires my bosom now,  
Bright glory claims my ev'ry ardent vow.

My mind from Cupid's fetters free,  
Superior soars to luxury ;  
To all the pleasures that controll  
The efforts of th'aspiring soul.

'Tis brighter, &c.

'Tis gen'rous glory thus inspires  
My soul, with martial fierce desires ;  
'Tis glory gives the warrior fame,  
'Tis glory gives the lasting name.

'Tis brighter, &c.

A willing slave was once my heart  
To love, and blest'd the pleasing smart ;  
But Cupid now my soul disdains,  
Alike his pleasures, or his pains.

'Tis brighter glory fires my bosom now,  
Bright glory claims my ev'ry ardent vow.

## A DEFENCE of female INCONSTANCY.

In an Epistle to ROBERT TRACY, of Coscomb,  
in Gloucestershire, Esq;

**T**O thee so skill'd in ev'ry softer art,  
To form th'intrigue, and lure the female heart,  
The Muse obedient sweeps the sounding wire,  
And suits the subject to thy fond desire.  
Light as the vane that shifts with ev'ry wind,  
Women are to inconstancy inclin'd;  
Nor this a blemish; since by nature's laws,  
Successive changes most perfection cause.  
From light and shade life's gayest scenes arise,  
Nor always is it happy—to be wise;\*  
Mix'd is our lot in what we lose or gain;  
Hope,—fear,—in human breasts, alternate reign,  
Grief springs from joy, and pleasure grows on pain.

\* Dulce est desipere in loco.

H O R.

If we allow the systems of the wise,  
 The purest air, for ever shifting, flies;  
 Time in his rapid progress all devours,—  
 Can art impede the nimbly dancing hours?

This fragile globe around its axis moves,  
 And the chaste moon inconstancy approves;  
 Else, why her changes? why her monthly wain?  
 Nor she alone, but all the starry train;  
 The genial sun, and yonder blazon'd sky,  
 For ever move, impervious to the eye.

Oh! thou of gentle manners, taste refin'd!  
 Variety's the darling of the mind;  
 For greatly spurning ev'ry servile tie,  
 Inconstant still, from joy to joy you fly;  
 Blest each new day with some new happy love;  
 Thou emulate in pleasure thund'ring Jove;  
 Nor form'd alone to win the female ear,  
 Poignant your wit, your judgment, too, is clear;  
 Whether



Whether more solid argument you chuse,  
 Or court with sprightly vein, the willing muse ;  
 Whether instructive hist'ry you pursue ;  
 Or deep philosophy attracts your view.  
 A truce—the Muse withholds the loosen'd rein,  
 And female praise awaits your ready pen.

What gifts soe'er our lordly sex may boast,  
 In woman's brighter excellence are lost ;  
 For o'er her acts inconstancy presides,  
 Her dictates governs, and her footsteps guides.

The purest air corrupts, when close confin'd ;  
 And poison in the standing pool you'll find ;  
 Gold, in the miser's coffer rusty grows,  
 Disease, inaction on the body throws.

Then why in woman should it counted be,  
 A vice to patronize inconstancy ?  
 Alas ! the cause is easily explor'd,  
 By him, who ever has like thee ador'd :

Oft you have known them trap th'unwary heart,  
 Gracing with truth, diffimulation's art:  
 Perhaps they lov'd ; if worthier objects rise,  
 You cannot blame them, to withdraw the prize,  
     This you call falshood, yet you will excuse  
 The jugler's gambols, which your sense abuse ;  
 Nay secret pleasure find in being beguil'd ;  
 Why then should female craft be treach'ry stil'd ?  
     What can this light capricious humour mean ?  
 Would you still have your mistress neat and clean ;  
 Or else be doom'd for ever to embrace,  
 Anympth with cloathsunchang'd, and unwash'd face ?  
     Then lov'd inconstancy no longer blame,  
 But learn to value right the fickle dame !  
     Sages affix a motion to the sun,  
 Describe each course the planets are to run ;  
 And Luna's age is known to ev'ry swain,  
 Who tends his bleating flocks upon the plain.

But

But tell me, can the deepest learning shew,  
 The changes female hearts can undergo ?  
 In this they, stars, and sun, and moon excel,  
 No human wisdom can their motions tell ;  
 When knowledge vainly tries, to form a rule  
 For female minds ;—ev'n knowledge is a fool,  
 Nor can the laws of art, or nature fix,  
 Nor wise philosophy, the wondrous sex :  
 By these 'tis prov'd, that light things upward tend,  
 And heavy bodies centrally descend ;  
 But woman's nature contradicts them all,  
 For she that's lightest, most inclines to fall.

Woman's a science, he who studies most,  
 Shall in the end find all his labours lost ;  
 Wisdom's ambition, and the pride of wit,  
 Still stoop to her, and, as they ought, submit.

Fools, in the attempt to win her, are made wise  
 The sage turns fool ; who the adventure tries ;

When grave philosophers against them write;  
 Say—is it wisdom guides them? no, 'tis spite—  
 That sops so deeply learn'd in ancient lore,  
 Cannot the depths of woman-kind explore.

Old age condemns them, because years destroy,  
 The pow'r, tho' not the itching, to enjoy.

Why does Malvolio libel them?—he knows  
 In his own nature, nothing lovely grows;  
 He but inveighs, because he cannot gain;  
 He rails, because he never can obtain;  
 Vainly would he endeavour to persuade  
 He knows their wiles—but when the truth's betray'd,  
 Too plain it seems to all, he never knew  
 The love of woman, whether feign'd or true;  
 None of the lofty sex e'r stoop'd so low;  
 Hence then his gall, and rank invectives flow.  
 She, like the eagle, seeks on high to tow'r,  
 And tries on nobler game her dazling pow'r;

Steps



Steps o'er the wretch, should he her course retard;  
Such insolence contempt should still reward.

Sure he inconstancy could never prove,  
Whom never female honour'd with her love.

Happy it is, for such as these, to find,  
Some females to variety inclin'd ;  
For whim, not choice, may sometimes give them  
                  charms,

And love of change, with beauty fill their arms.

Why to one man, should woman be confin'd ?  
Why not unfetter'd, like his freeborn mind ?  
Is it not better she should numbers bless ?  
All smell the rose—but are its sweets the less ?  
Besides, restriction palls the jaded taste ;  
And in one man few virtues can be trac'd ;

If all should in one prodigy unite,  
Could such a monster give the least delight ?

As well might we endure Sol's raging beams,  
And bear, of hot, or cold, the fierce extreams—  
Can there be order, where such numbers meet;  
Or worth be minded, in a crouded street?

Henceforth, uncensur'd, then, let woman range,  
And due reflection be a friend to change.

The chain of causes upon change depends,  
If rest invade it, then all order ends;  
Confusion's o'er the face of nature hurl'd,  
And chaos rushes o'er a shatter'd world.

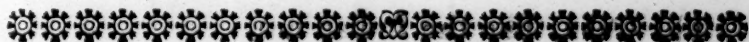
Those nearest still to bright perfection soar,  
Who the most vary'd scenes of life run o'er,  
That woman does, is prov'd beyond a jest;  
Then woman is of nature's works the best.

EPIGRAMMA AUDONEI.

**D** *Egener, aule, tuis majoribus omnia debes ;  
Debebit, credo, nil tibi posteritas.*

The above EPIGRAM englished.

**Y**OU to your ancestors your honours owe,  
But none you'll on posterity bestow.



The A D V I C E.

A C A N T A T A

RECITATIVE.

**B**Y no rude blasts disturb'd, Thames calmly  
roll'd,

While to the stream, his griefs thus Damon told;

The

The stream delighted with his tender tale,  
Sought with regret the mazes of the vale.

AIR.

I flourish'd like the summer rose,  
Was blooming, young, and fair,  
Each frolic scene of pleasure chose,  
My heart was free from care :  
Love was a stranger to my breast ;  
I knew no passion, to disturb my rest,  
Till Celia, like the Indian sun,  
Her blaze of beauty pour'd ;  
I gaz'd, I sigh'd, my heart was gone,  
Love every sense devour'd ;  
I pine, I languish in the toil :  
She has my heart, and glories in the spoil.

RECITATIVE.

Sage Isabella, who long since had known,  
Love's ev'ry art, by chance o'erheard his moan ;  
Laugh'd



Laugh'd at his grief, and thus in merry strain,  
Taught him to triumph o'er the nymph's disdain.

AIR.

Wherefore, swain, the flooded eye?

Why the soul-distracting sigh?

These will never win her heart,

Prythee, try some other art.

If your Celia you'd secure,

If you'd of her love be sure;

Teize her wherefoe'er she goes,

She'll oblige you for repose.

From her force the balmy kiss;

If she should refuse the bliss,

To repeat it, boldly try;

Pleas'd the nymph will soon comply.

If to anxious grief a prey,

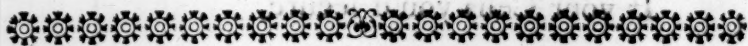
Thus you waste the summer's day,

She'll but smile at your despair;

Courage only wins the fair.

An EPIGRAM.

**P**Aul bribes the Muse, then burning to rehearse,  
Claims the rich honours of the purchas'd verse;  
Yet Paul in this has strictest justice shewn,  
For what he buys he justly calls his own.



The JEALOUS LOVER.

A SONG.

**W**HEN Colin came to see the fair,  
The door was shut, she was not there;  
His jealous heart misgives the swain,  
He sighs, but still he won't complain.  
Attentive now he plants his ear,  
To try if Celia be sincere;

But soon, alas ! he rav'd and stamp'd,  
 He heard her say, her legs were cramp'd.  
 Again he lifts, again he's vex'd ;  
 A manly voice he fancies next,  
 Cry, " Madam, hold your body still,"  
 Such sounds would any lover kill.  
 Another voice disturb'd his mind,  
 " Nay Celia now you're quite unkind ;  
 An easier posture pray assume ;  
 Or else, in troth, I'll quit the room."  
 Was ever swain in such a plight ?  
 He knows not how to act aright ;  
 Whether to quit the faithless dame ;  
 Or forcing in, expose her shame.  
 But while he thus debates, behold,  
 The maid comes out, the doors unfold ;  
 She's sitting for her picture seen ;  
 The cause of all the chat within.

## A Defence of WOMEN painting.

The Thought from Dr. DONNE.

**S**Ince you confess that beauty's your delight,  
 That what's unseemly's hateful to the sight,  
 Marcus, I pray, the gentle maiden spare,  
 Who tries, by art, more lovely to appear :  
 Condemn her not, if to improve her waist,  
 You find her straitly by the stays embrac'd ;  
 If she the hand of gentle Crispin prove,  
 The fault of halting nature to remove ;  
 If Greenough's tincture whiten o'er her teeth,  
 Or to perfume she owes her sweeter breath :  
 To please thy eye, she adds to ev'ry grace,  
 And with vermilion blooms her tempting face ;  
 There Cupid sits, thron'd in the orb of sight  
 Unseen, secure in all the glare of light ;

Thence



Thence he exulting flings the fatal dart,  
 Unerring still to wound the lover's heart :  
 Thence do we pluck the soul-inspiring kifs,  
 The grateful prelude of ecstatic blifs ;  
 The kifs to sympathy the bosom warms,  
 And ev'ry faculty to love alarms.

Why should the use of paint be disallow'd ?  
 Beauty's but colour properly bestow'd ;  
 And when for this the female you contemn,  
 'Tis not the art—the knowledge you condemn.

Hence, Marcus, learn that ignorance is best,  
 Knowledge is irksome, while the fool is blest ;  
 Beneath a Hudson's, or a Wilson's hand,  
 Should the lov'd Charlotte rise at your command,  
 Th' enliven'd canvass glow with ev'ry grace,  
 Seen in her form, and smiling in her face,  
 No pleasure would your nicer taste receive,  
 Because 'tis Art that bids the picture live ?

K,

Do'ft

Do'st thou admire yon blazing orb on high,  
Yon twinkling stars that gild the evening sky?  
Yes! yes! their vivid colours charm your eye:  
Yet search, and 'tis illusion all, you'll find,  
'Tis fancy only has these colours join'd;  
And if your Charlotte paints, of this be sure,  
Her actions too she well can varnish o'er;  
A trick you little ween'd—nor knew before.

Let delicacy then the maiden spare,  
Who tries, by art, more lovely to appear.



To Miss P O T I E R.

Written in 1755.

**T**IS music's pow'r to charm the soul,  
Each savage motion to control;  
To civilize the human frame,  
Or fill the breast with tender flame;

To

To lift the anxious heart from woe,  
Or let the strain of rapture flow.

Musick inanimates has mov'd,  
As well-told tales have aptly prov'd ;  
And stones and trees pursu'd a sound,  
That led to circle Thebes around :  
A dolphin, judge of harmony,  
Rescu'd Amphion from the sea ;  
Who knows not Orpheus did compel  
To own his art, the powers of hell ?  
A task, I fancy, very few,  
Would, for a wife, at this time do :  
Cæcilia, with her voice, did more  
Than ever mortal did before ;  
Her more than magic pow'r to prove,  
She charm'd an Angel from above.

But farther still can music reach  
Than e'er did bard or story teach ;

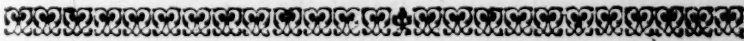
Not long from Helicon has stray'd  
 A frolic Muse, in yonder maid,  
 Who taught the God of Love, that she  
 Is far more powerful than he ;  
 Ere while I met the immortal boy,  
 Who sorrow can dispense for joy ;  
 Pale was his cheek, I heard him sigh,  
 The tear stood trembling in his eye.  
 I'd fain have stop'd his tide of grief ;  
 I flew t' administer relief.—

Ah me ! he cry'd—the task is done——  
 Of pow'r bereft, his arrows gone,  
 What comfort now for Venus' son ?  
 Not Venus' son, but Potier reigns,  
 And rules o'er all my wide domains ;  
 For late I heard her chaunt an air,  
 That might to peace have sooth'd despair :  
 While o'er the melody I hung,  
 Entraptur'd as the charmer sung,

}  
}



She flyly stole my bow, my darts,  
 And hence derives my sway o'er hearts ;  
 Yet freely I'd the theft forgive,  
 Nor wish dominion to retrieve,  
 If in exchange I could obtain  
 A voice, commanding such a strain,



## A S O N G.

To CÆLIA.

**T**IS true, my Cælia, thou art fair,  
 As snows yet hov'ring in the air ;  
 That in the lilly we may find  
 An emblem of thy virtuous mind ;  
 The stars of yonder firmament,  
 The lustre of thine eyes present,  
 Yon blooming peach is like thy lip,  
 Where Cupid takes delight to sip ;

And if the blushing rose we seek,  
 We find it pictur'd in thy cheek;  
 The jetty ringlets of thy hair,  
 A thousand lovers hearts ensnare.

But as the lilly and the rose,  
 The peach that with such fragrance glows,  
 Shall with'ring fall to quick decay;  
 So shall thy beauties fleet away :  
 Snows melt, and meteors in the skies,  
 Set like thy youth, no more to rise.

'Then while thou hast it in thy pow'r,  
 My fairest seize the present hour;  
 Take, take me blushing to thy arms,  
 And bless my love with all thy charms;  
 Else the sad time may come, when thou  
 In vain shalt beg, as I do now.

An EPISTLE to the Rev. Mr. W\*\* L\*\*\*,

By Way of Invitation.

**M**OST reverend sir, if you can spare  
An hour, from sacerdotal care ;  
Before the morrow sun shall set,  
The knight, and you and I, will wet  
Our thirsty throats, with humming beer;  
Or better, chuse you better cheer ;  
You know I cannot stir abroad,  
And you will find in this abode,  
The juice of Lusitanian wine,  
(I hate French laces, and French wine)  
Or arrack, from Batavia's shore,  
Right neat, as when 'twas first brought o'er ;  
Haply you'll find a little rum,  
From fam'd Jamaica lately come ;

With which we may cook up a liquor,  
 Seldom displeasing to a vicar ;  
 Then, by sagacious argument,  
 We'll settle how elections went ;  
 Prove cits or peers, are ninnyhammers,  
 Who 'gainst the Jew-bill made such clamors ;  
 Puzzle o'er Canning's strange affair ;  
 For, spite of good Sir Gascoign's care,  
 We're not much wiser than we were ;  
 Thence will we pass to France and Spain,  
 To see if war or peace they mean ;  
 Or only to invest the city,  
 Possess'd by Algerine banditti :  
 On these, or other subjects fit,  
 Or high, or low, nor thought of yet,  
 We'll chat a while, or grave, or gay——  
 So brush your bever, and away.



To the A U T H O R.

IN ANSWER to the foregoing EPISTLE.

I HAVE not leisure, honest Derrick,  
To answer yours in diction cleric ;  
But yet must let you know, in rhyme,  
That near to the appointed time,  
The tall, heroic \* gallic fencer,  
Will meet the small dramatic censor ;  
And swallow, near his cinder fire,  
O'er a pot of right entire,  
The liquor that I most admire ;  
His smart remarks on ev'ry sage,  
Both of the last and present age ;

}

\* This and the succeeding line allude to some private anecdotes relating to the author of this letter, and the person to whom it is addressed.

From

From the dull, scribbling fool, Tom Durfey, †  
 To the more wretched scrawler, ——  
 Laugh at the mob, so idly scanning  
 The black affair of Betfy Canning ;  
 And at more follies, than now tumble  
 Into the pate of, fir, your humble, &c. &c.

† Durfey and ——, two wretched scriblers, the former was famous in the days of Charles the second, the latter breath'd in the days of George the second, and was cobbler of several scurrilous pieces, which he did not dare to own, being for courage, a very Falstaff, for intrigue, a Petulant, and for wit, a Witwou'd.

EPIGRAMMA

G. BUCHANANI.

**F** *Ruſtra ego te laudo; fruſtra me Zoile, lædis;  
Nemo mihi credit, Zoile, nemo tibi.*

The above EPIGRAM engliſhed.

**I**N vain, I praiſe, and you condemn;  
Both miſs the credit due;  
The world that thinks no ill of me,  
Believes no good of you.

WOMAN'S

WOMAN'S Wit; or, The FRIAR fobb'd,

A TALE.

**I**N Spain, where found catholics strictly obey  
The commands of the church, a poor carrier lay  
On his death-bed: he was of some substance possess'd,  
Whether well or ill got, is not ours to contest;  
But peace in the grave he most willingly sought,  
Which conscience suggested was hard to be bought:  
A not'ry was sent for, to draw up his will,  
The Imprimis was ready, and nought but to fill.

Imprimis, My house, worth five pounds ev'ry year,  
Which, when paid, from all other incumbrance is  
clear;

With my bed and my blanket, my cat and my hound,  
And all goods and chattles of mine that be found,  
Except what's hereafter, to wife I bequeath;  
And as for my issue, Francisco and Ralph,

Eliza



Eliza and Moll, I leave each of them heir  
To God's blessing and mine, and my good woman's  
care.

But as many have been the sad crimes of my youth,  
As I strangers deceiv'd, and was fond of untruth ;  
Lov'd women and wine ; was careless of bliss ;  
Nor masles frequented---and sermons did miss ;—  
To deliver my soul from the vigilant hand  
Of the fiend, I by this my last will do command,  
That Sweepstakes, my horse, whom I've lov'd as  
my life,

And to all living creatures prefer'd but—my wife,  
Be sold, and the money arising from sale,  
Be giv'n (I beg that in this you won't fail)  
To the Franciscan fathers who live three miles hence ;  
Nor be it neglected on any pretence.

Here ceas'd the good man, in few hours he dy'd, }  
He was bury'd, the tears of his wife almost dry'd ; }  
She began to reflect what in time might betide ; }  
Her

Her dependance was small, and her family great,  
For land she had none, neither money nor plate ;  
She plucks up a spirit, and hies her to John,  
Who had witness'd the will, while her tears one  
by one,

Stole down from her eyes, thus she open'd her case :  
" You best know my loss ; it has pleas'd the good  
grace

Of th' Almighty, to call my poor husband from life ;  
You know I was always a dutiful wife ;  
Yet from me he has left my poor Sweepstakes, the  
horse ;

And substance I've none, be it better or worse ;  
My children are four, and I think it is plain  
Four children with nothing I cannot maintain.  
Think not my intention's his will to dispute,  
I sooner would death undergo than I'd do't ;  
I'll dispose of the horse, and if you will assist,  
We'll have money sufficient to do what we list--

Then,

Then, perhaps, I may give you a thing worth your  
while,—

For sometimes a woman can pay a man's toil."

John, leering, assur'd her he'd act as she'd please:

"Then, says she, the task you may compass with  
ease :

With the horse take to market the cat in your hand;  
And if any the price of the horse should demand,  
Say a ducat; but then, in the sale, there's a cat  
Of such value, you'd rate her at ninety times that."

The horse was dress'd up, and John soon brought  
him forth;

Nor was long e'er a chapman demanded his worth:

"This horse, Sir, says John, is the best in all Spain;  
Here's my cat, too, you'll ne'er see her equal again.

The bargain is cheap; for a ducat he's thine;

But with him you'll purchase the cat, or he's mine:

For my cat I must have ninety ducats in gold;

If the terms you approve, be the money strait told."

The

The money was paid, and the chapman content  
While home to his mistress John joyfully went ;  
The friars were sent for, the testament read,  
And a ducat bestow'd them, to pray for the dead ;  
'Twas the price of the horse, they no more could  
demand ;  
Then to John, for his service, she gave up her hand,  
To have and to hold ; and both fully content  
With the price of their bargains, were stedfastly  
bent,  
In concord to live, and the children to breed  
In a manner much better than father decreed.



A S O N G, upon H O P E.

Tune Tantarrara, &c.

**Y**E friends of true mirth, come to Ryan's, away!  
Here's what cheers the heart and adds light  
to the day ;

Say who would refuse to give pleasure full scope?  
As long as he finds he has something to hope.

Sing tantarrara, hope all:

In vain may distresses attempt to perplex,  
And the spleen and the vapours assemble to vex ;  
We'll laugh at a pistol, or poison, or rope,  
For who'd chuse to die, that has something to hope.

Sing tantarrara, &c.

Let the world look askance, we disdain to repine,  
If our spirits are low, then we'll raise them with wine ;  
Tho' fortune may frown, she'll ne'er make me a mope,  
Nor can I be sad, while enliven'd by hope.

Sing tantarrara, &c.

L

The fancy can plague, or for losses attone ;  
Make a palace a jail, or a prison a throne ;  
And from thrones often princes have wish'd to elope,  
At a summit so high, having nothing to hope.

Sing tantarrara, &c.

Let monarchs unenvy'd, enjoy regal state,  
The man of true sense, is resign'd to his fate ;  
I aim not at being a king, or a pope ;  
I'm greater than Cæsar, while cherish'd by hope.

Sing tantarrara, &c.

Tho' Polly complain that I'm noisy and rude,  
Whom long I have courted, whom long I've pursu'd ;  
I'll tell her, in short, without figure, or trope,  
There are women enough for whose love I may hope.

Sing tantarrara, &c.

My brethren, let care in a bumper be drown'd,  
True happiness seldom is any where found ;

In

In vain for the bliss may philosophers grope,  
In the end they must rest them contented with hope.

Sing tantarrara, &c.

'Tis hope that can drive discontent from the soul,  
And the chace we'll complete, with a full brimming  
bowl.

While with each man around us, we're able to cope,  
And despise the dull wretch that abandons his hope.

Sing tantarrara, hope all.

S T E L L A.

A N O D E.

*A very heathen in the carnal part,  
And yet a sad good christian at the heart ;  
Whether the charmer sinner-it, or saint-it,  
Where folly grows romantic, we must paint it.*

POPE.

**M**Y Stella is divinely fair,  
Love sparkles in her eye ;  
With Helen Stella may compare ;  
With Venus' self may vie.  
Radiant as the God of day,  
Who lights this earthly ball ;  
Like him, too, with indulgent ray,  
She smiles alike on all.  
A thousand arts the fair one tries,  
To gain extensive sway ;

While



While her obedient practis'd eyes,

In wanton gambols play.

Behold, at Strephon how she leers,

With signs of ardent love ;

Thro' partial eyes the nymph appears,

As gentle as a dove.

And yet deceitful as the stream,

Tho' deep, that gently flows ;

She never is what she would seem,

For truth and she are foes.

Now see her cast the tender glance,

When Damon passes by ;

Lo ! in her eyes what Cupids dance,

How heaves the melting sigh.

Palæmon, next, by artful clue,

Is drawn into her net,

And vainly thinks his conquest sure,

Beyond the frowns of fate.

By turns the fair one they admire,

By turns the charmer view ;

Enflam'd by one ambitious fire,

One prize they all pursue.

While, like poor Tantalus in hell,

Each pines 'twixt hope and grief ;

Her eyes a thousand falsehoods tell,

And promise each relief.

Stella take counsel with a friend,

For once let me advise ;

Then check, more sure, to gain your end,

The wand'ring of your eyes.

What tho', perhaps, your tender breast,

No guilty thoughts inspire ;

The wanton in the looks impress'd ;

May kindle impious fire.

'Tis like, you say, you chuse to reign ;

To make mankind your slaves ;

To

To see around a gazing train,  
Of what ?—of fools, or knaves,  
But ah ! the short-liv'd sway, how poor,  
When bought at honour's cost ;  
How shrinks the triumph of an hour,  
When reputation's lost !  
Reflect that men will conquests boast,  
And favours never granted ;  
That worth of reputation lost,  
Is never known till wanted.  
Tho' beauties now your face adorn,  
Tho' charms are now display'd,  
Which emulate the blushing morn ;  
Those charms too soon must fade,  
How much soe'er love's softest bloom,  
May catch the wond'ring eye ;  
When hoary age, and wrinkles come,  
The transient raptures die,  
Consider that the fairest flow'rs,  
Run swiftest to decay ;

That time relentless all devours,

Nor knows a moment's stay.

'Tis virtue gives the tranquil mind,

In nature's last sad stage,

'Tis she supports all human kind;

Youth's pride—and prop of age.

Tho' to time's wide tyrannic sway,

Nature herself must yield;

Virtue her ensigns will display,

And dauntless keep the field.

That jewel, Stella, guard with care,

Let caution still preside,

And if you would be truly fair,

Take virtue for your guide.

So shall your eyes with gen'rous love inspire,

And like B--r--d--t teach mankind t'admire;

You may, like her, dispense celestial flame;

Make willing slaves, and yet preserve your fame;

Perfect like her, in person, and in mind,

Leave graceless Dutcheffes in state behind;



While you on merit to perfection soar,  
And men are taught to wonder and adore.

\*\*\*\*\*

AN ODE to EBLANA, on entering the  
Harbour of Dublin, after a long Absence.

EBlana! much lov'd city, hail!  
Where first I saw the light of day,  
Soon as declining life shall fail,  
To thee shall I resign my clay.

Muses, who saw me first your care;  
Ye trees, that fostering shelter spread;  
The fate of man, you'll see me share;  
Soon number'd with forgotten dead.

Unless my lines protract my fame, †  
And those who chance to read them, cry  
I knew him! Derrick was his name,  
In yonder tomb his ashes lie.

SMART

† This stanza was thus paraphrased by John  
Home, the author of Douglas, at Eglinton  
Castle in Scotland, in presence of Mr Bowell.

"Unless my deeds protract my fame,  
"And he who passes sadly sings,  
"I know him, Derrick was his name,  
"On yonder tree his carcase swings."

SMART and DERRICK,

AN EPIGRAM.

Written by Mr. G——.

**C**ontradiction we find both in Derrick and Smart,  
Which manifests neither can write from the  
heart;

The latter, which readers may think some what odd,  
Tho' devoted to wine, sings the glories of God :  
The former lives sober, altho' no divine ;  
Yet merrily carrols the praises of wine ;  
Here let us a moment lay by our surprize ;  
And calmly survey where the preference lies :  
Derrick foolishly revels in fancy'd delights ;  
But Smart, for the sake of a legacy, writes.

On

On the Death of Dr. B---ll--ie, Physician  
to the English Army in Flanders ;

Who died at Ghent, December 1743.

By the same Hand.

*Hunc saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani  
Munere.*————— Virg.

O Thou best skill'd my ev'ry grief t'assuage,  
Frail, flatt'ring hope of my declining age !  
Scarce had the \* Muse, who kindled at thy name,  
Clapp'd her glad wings, exulting in thy fame,  
Ere pensive, chearless, in complaining verse,  
She pays her last sad tribute o'er thy herse.

Ah ! why to thee was ev'ry virtue giv'n ?  
Or why those virtues doom'd the † scourge of heav'n ?  
Severely kind—indulgent to excess—  
Deepest to wound, when most it seem'd to bless—  
Gilding thy mid-day sun with fairest light,  
To add new horrors to the brown of night——

\* See Progress of Physic.

† He died of the Spotted Fever.

Ah ! never more shall worth like thine inspire  
My feeble voice, and my neglected lyre !  
Yet, doom'd to weep thy short, but shining span,  
Still shall the Muse, nor more her fondness can,  
Revere an angel---whom she lov'd, a man.



On the Same.

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. POPE, Anno 1744.

By the same Hand.

**R**ound Ba--ll--ie's urn, while streaming eyes  
o'erflow,  
With social grief and tributary woe ;  
From melting sounds some comfort we receive ;  
A transient joy, which reason cannot give ;  
The Muse suspends the anguish we endure,  
And soothes the heart-felt wound she cannot cure :  
But, ah ! in vain we ask the Muse's aid,  
Since Harmony itself——with Pope is fled.



V I R T U E. An ODE.

Inscribed to ASHLEY COWPER, Esq; Clerk of the  
Parliament.

I.

**B**Right guardians of the forked hill,  
Sprung from Mnemosyne and Jove,  
With happy inspiration fill ;  
Let me thy sacred rapture prove.

II.

Pour your blest spirit o'er the page,  
Immortal foes of keen despair ;  
And while your services engage,  
Oh ! snatch me from myself and care.

III.

Bid grief, that vulture to my breast,  
Sharper than what Prometheus knows,  
Avaunt ! and leave the bard at rest :  
Grant, heav'nly maids, the wish'd repose.

IV.

'Tis done ! aloof misfortunes stand !

While ev'ry thought on you is bent ;

You can the healing balm command,

Which gives the troubled mind content.

V.

But the wish'd blessing will not hold,

For, oh ! when I resign my pen,

Again, in mourning weeds behold !

My woe-fraught genius come again.

VI.

To shield me from the gloomy scene,

To Cowper's patronage I fly ;

Nor evil then shall intervene,

Nor heave the heart-extorted sigh.

VII.

Merit yet never su'd in vain,

When Cowper could extend his aid,

Whose

Whose life is one continued train

Of virtues happily display'd.

VIII.

Virtue ! how seldom art thou known

In gorgeous palaces to dwell ;

You oftener elevate your throne

Within the peasant's humble cell.

IX.

Thither nor wealth nor titles roam,

To tempt the mind with gaudy glare,

For vice can never fix her home

In poverty's rough frigid air.

X.

Various the forms that you assume,

To regulate the active soul,

When the rais'd passions dare presume

The check of reason to controul.

I

You

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XI.

You teach us to avoid the shelves,  
Where else our happiness were lost,  
If we, abandon'd to ourselves,  
On life's inconstant sea were tost.

XII.

You o'er our acts discretion pour,  
Adorn with unaffected grace ;  
As spring with a refreshing show'r  
Adds gayer bloom to nature's face.

XIII.

When thro' infirmity or fear,  
The mind dejected falls from good,  
Your presence but acknowledg'd near,  
It's innate strength's again renew'd.

XIV.

Or if the emanating mind  
Superior soar to narrow rule,

You



You with the ties of reason bind

Ambition's slave; vain fortune's fool,

XV.

So, pilots all their canvas spread,

To court the coy reluctant breeze,

When Thetis rears her dropping head,

And smiling, smooths the furrow'd seas.

XVI.

Or if loud storms the sky assail,

And o'er the angry ocean sweep,

He quickly furls the flowing sail,

Or ploughs with naked poles the deep.

XVII.

Virtue immortal and divine,

Surmounts the clouds of stormy fate;

Sickness and care and years combine,

In vain, against her happy mate.

M

The

XVIII.

The God of War, with savage train,  
Pours quick destruction o'er the field ;  
Wealth, honours, pow'r resist in vain,  
Ev'n valour is compell'd to yield.

XIX.

While virtue fix'd as either pole,  
Indignant views the rapid race,  
Above each shock, and thro' the whole  
Maintains her own exalted place.

XX.

Diogenes, in tub immur'd,  
Laugh'd at the various turns of life,  
By virtue of affliction cur'd,  
Fenc'd from calamity and strife.

XXI.

This clears the vitiated sight  
From the false glare that shadows wealth,

Shews

Shews honours in a real light,  
And gives the mind internal health.

XXII.

Thus optic glassess help the eye,  
By nature but imperfect made,  
And seem to draw those objects nigh,  
That in the vale of distance fade.

XXIII.

What tho' a parent should neglect  
Her duty, thro' some false pretence,  
Shall grief for that my soul infect,  
While I'm secure in innocence.

XXIV.

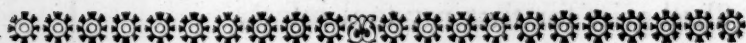
Shall I complain if Fortune frown,  
Curse the long day, or wish me dead,  
When 'tis to ev'ry school-boy known,  
Homer sung ballads for his bread.

XXV.

In virtue I'll a refuge find,  
A sure afylum from diftrefs;  
Virtue will nerve my ruffled mind,  
And fate may frown, tho' not opprefs.

XXVI.

With Cowper dwells th' immortal maid,  
That lifts her votary to the fkies,  
Her fhield is probity difplay'd,  
And peaceful happinefs her prize.



To ASHLEY COWPER, Efq;

Occafioned by reading fome Poetry of his writing.

COWPER, in fome illuftrious roll, fhall fame,  
To future times deliver down thy name,  
Lov'd as a man and reverenc'd as a bard;  
Nor lefs thy gen'rous talents fhould reward:

With



With strict attention on thy lines I've dwelt,  
 And as you painted different passions felt,  
 Whether you emulate Ovidian lays,  
 And wreath Clarissa's charms with boundless praise,  
 Or delicately touch th' effects of love,  
 That modesty may read, nor yet reprove ;  
 Here you beyond your classic pattern rise,  
 Nor chaster diction Mantua's boast supplies ;  
 And while we're taught the charmer to admire,  
 Tho' we are bound to own th' immortal fire,  
 No gross idea springs, no gross desire.

While you to Baillie modestly excuse  
 The want of genius, you display the Muse  
 Vig'rous and strong, as when by Flaccus drest,  
 Friendship and Wine th' Aonian Maid carest ?  
 Thus real merit still to shades withdraws,  
 And blushing flies the well-deserv'd applause ;  
 While ev'ry verse with glowing fancy teems,  
 All grieve that you decline the proffer'd themes.

Oh, more than Pope! since with benevolence,  
 Superior far, with wit and temper'd sense;  
 Free from satiric sneer and Cynic rage,  
 You mildly pour instruction o'er the page,  
 Shewing what virtue is; thus to allure  
 With her bright form, and make thy precepts sure;  
 Nor from fix'd hate, deceitfully intend  
 To damn the character you should commend.

Or when to lighter measures you advance,  
 And thro' blithe song, or merry fable dance,  
 My shaken sides thy hum'rous pow'r confess;  
 Yet ev'ry stroke so nicely you express,  
 With such auspicious fancy, yet so free  
 From vice's darling child, Impurity,  
 That Modesty ne'er hangs her bashful head,  
 No blushes o'er the virgin's visage spread.

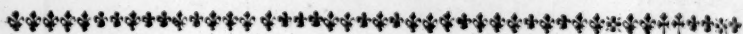
Prior and Swift must here the bays resign  
 To thee, and own the excellence is thine;

For

For no loose images distain the page ;  
Their want of manners oft provokes my rage.  
To spleen's dull province now the scene you  
change,

Thro' her abandon'd avenues you range ;  
The Muse leads on, her weary step I trace,  
My pulse beats slow, and flushes dye my face ;  
A thousand melancholy objects croud,  
Life is a burden, and my wish a shroud :  
Quit, Cowper, quit the subject e'er I fall,  
Ere ev'ry sense the demon's wiles enthrall ;  
Obedient to my wish, the varied strain  
Dispels the gloom, nor gives me to complain.  
The alter'd notes pour rapture to my heart,  
Such is the energy of Cowper's art,  
Anew I feel them all my breast inspire,  
My blood run quicker, and my spirits higher ;  
Now from the grave, just dropping o'er its verge,  
Anew created sudden I emerge.

Thus was it once when fam'd Timotheus sung,  
All on his harmony attentive hung,  
Just as he rapture or despair express'd,  
The sympathetic notes their souls confess'd.



*All the poems  
from this to  
⊕ in p. 214 were  
given by a  
gentleman, who  
said that he  
had given them  
to Derrick, to  
fill his volume.*

An APOLOGY to an angry RIVAL,  
declining a CHALLENGE.

**T**Is not the fear of death, nor smart,  
Makes me averse to fight,  
But to preserve a faithful heart,  
Not mine, but Celia's right.

Let then your anger be suppress'd;  
Not me, but Celia spare;  
Your sword is welcome to my breast,  
When Celia is not there.



A D V I C E to an O L D M A I D.

*Nunc, aut nunquam.*

**F**OR once, Dorinda, lend an ear,  
And let the Muse advise ;

Consider 'tis your fiftieth year,

A time you should be wise.

Lay washes, patches, paint aside,

Since uselefs these you find ;

Then quit your face, and rather hide,

The wrinkles of her mind.

Your fav'rite scandal first forsake,

To censure still be flow,

Till then you must not hope t'escape

The leading apes below.

V E R S E S,

VERSES, from a CERTAIN CLUB,  
to some SCRIBLERS against it.

**Y**E little wits, who aim at Bays,  
By venting spleen in rhymes,  
Who torture dullness fifty ways,  
And chuckle when it chimes.  
Be kind—go on—pursue your theme,  
Your scribbling serves our ends ;  
For know that mirth is all our scheme,  
And they who raise it, friends.  
As such on those, we still shall look,  
Who senseless satires write ;  
And fair transcribe 'em in a book,  
To laugh at every night.

The

The CHARACTER of ----- *I who.*

*Hic niger est—hunc, tu, Romane, caveto.* HOR.

**A**N inveterate heart, fraught with malice and  
spleen,

With a face that betrays what he harbours within ;  
With a smile that discloses no gleam of good-nature ;  
With Shylock impress'd upon ev'ry feature ;  
With too little sense to dispose of his gall,  
Where with some shew of reason the venom might  
fall ;

Too vain of the wit, which he never possess'd,  
Not to launch the dull weapon at every breast ;  
With envy the toad ever prompt at his ear,  
To direct him when mildness and virtue appear, }  
“ Here level the point—let it penetrate here.” }

Overlooking affronts with a real intent,  
Still spying them out, where they never were meant ;

Too proud to forgive an offence, and too mean  
To resent, when a shadow of danger is seen :  
Still affecting to rule, with no title to pow'r,  
Tho' pre-eminence does but expose him the more ;  
Yet a dupe to the sycophant, only carefs'd  
By the wretch, like himself, whom all others detest ;  
With the lust of a satyr, and the craft of a Jew,  
With Change-alley wisdom, and wit from a stew.

Oh! Eve, had but Satan this figure put on,  
This figure so nearly resembling his own,  
He had then been detected, his scheme had been  
cross'd ;  
And the blessings of Eden had never been lost.



FLORIO; or, The PLAGIARY.

In Imitation of Dr. Young.

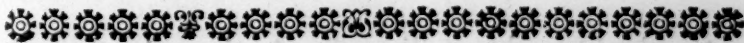
**B**UT more provoking still—here comes the  
wight,  
Who glories in the verse he cannot write ;  
Who anxious to procure a spurious name,  
Fondly mistakes his infamy for fame ;  
Who to his fav'rite-self attempts to raise,  
With pilfer'd song, a monument of praise ;——  
On his own stock, who labours not to thrive,  
But lives by plund'ring th'industrious hive ;  
Like the rude Indian, strips the feather'd race,  
With the gay spoil his meaner brow to grace ;  
His titles such to the poor fame he gets,  
As Wards, or Japhets, were to their estates ;

Some

Some genius yet, it must be own'd, he had ;  
 Yes—when at school, he was a hopeful lad ;  
 But like too forward plants that early shoot,  
 Soon sapless grew, and wither'd at the root ;  
 Yet still might pass for a consummate wit,  
 Allow him but those pieces Marcus writ,  
 Which as his own he can so well repeat. }  
 Tun'd by his voice, how sweet the numbers flow, }  
 Nay 'twas extempore, too, he'd have you know ; }  
 Pity—'twas writ so many years ago.  
 Florio, in one thing, surely does excel,  
 If stealing wisely's next to writing well.

An E P I G R A M on the same.

**F**Lorio, for thee, what wrath's in store,  
Apollo's fruitful heir !  
Since pilferers, however poor,  
Justice is deaf to spare.



To Miss \*\*\*\*

**F**AIR queen of love, thy pow'r I own ;  
To thee a suppliant bow ;  
And offer up at thy blest shrine,  
My first, my infant vow.  
No nymph, but you, how bright foe'er,  
My stubborn heart could move ;  
No 'twas the charms of Celia's eyes,  
That taught me first to love.

So

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So some misguided wretch, who late  
Sin's pleasing mazes trod ;  
By Jove reclaim'd, great Jove adores,  
And prostrate owns the God.



TO DELIA:

Occasion'd by her telling the Author, he seem'd  
insensible of Love.

**S**Tella, the blooming Delia cry'd,  
Your heart is cold as snow ;  
Yet long that heart in friendship try'd,  
Has felt the warmest glow.  
Why should'st thou wish, unthinking maid,  
To see her in love's snare,  
Who know'st the lordly sex upbraid,  
The girl who is not fair.

At



At thee should Cupid aim his dart,  
They'd triumph in the chain;  
But should he pierce poor Stella's heart,  
The nymph must sigh in vain.  
Unerring Nature, kind in all,  
To each assign'd her part;  
Gave thee, to hold the world in thrall,  
Her, a well guarded heart.



ON OLD AGE.

A SOLILOQUY.

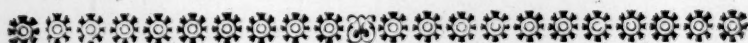
**H**Appy the man—his giddy circuit run,  
Who virtue's purer joys can call his own;  
In peaceful thought, who thinks his follies o'er,  
By youth's strong passion tost, and vex no more;

N

Without

Without one wish, those follies to repeat,  
Without one sigh, prepar'd this world to quit,  
And risk the next, without the least regret. }  
Or long—or short the date, it matters not ;  
Be this, kind heav'n, thy humble creature's lot !—

So when the setting sun's more sober light,  
Slopes downward, and brings on the sable night ;  
Chearful we bless his mild, his parting ray,  
Too strongly dazzled with his brighter day.



### The GARDEN of EDEN.

Said to be written by Mr. POPE.

**I**N Eden's garden, such was God's decree,  
God the great parent of eternity !  
Where rising oaks their ample shade extend ;  
And rip'ning fruits the loaded branches bend ;

Where

Where various flowers their mingled sweets exhale;  
 Expanded wide by Zephyrs gentle gale;  
 O'er shining pebbles slide the circling rills,  
 And swift cascades come rushing from the hills.

Here Adam, blest'd with more than mortal ease,  
 Bloom'd like the flow'rs, and flourish'd like the trees;  
 Calm as the stream, his equal reason flow'd,  
 He look'd on Nature, and he thought on God:  
 Strong as the earth, with health and vigour blest,  
 Serene his labour, undisturb'd his rest:  
 He liv'd undaunted, for he knew no ill;  
 Woman unborn, then, man had been so still:  
 Such his beginning—but his latter doom,  
 Alas! I feel the exercise to come.

A HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

By the late Dr. B---ll---e.

Come, thou lovely peace of mind !  
Sweet delight of human kind !  
Heav'nly nymphs, more beauteous far  
Than the Sister graces are !  
All around, where'er thou tread'st  
Soft repose, sweet nymph, thou spread'st ;  
What the shady bow'rs retreat,  
From the noon-tide's scorching heat ;  
What the bow'r with woodbine drest,  
Without thee, celestial guest ?  
Not the mildest western sun,  
When it's destin'd course is run,  
Can refresh the wearied fight,  
With a beam so soft of light,

As



As those purpling rays which spread,  
Mildness round thy shining head.

Where, O nymph, dost thou resort ?  
Never, O never seen at court !  
There the noisy, and the proud,  
There tumultuous passions croud :  
Dost thou, then, affect to dwell  
With poverty, in lonely cell ?  
Pinching hunger, wrinkled care,  
Meagre aspects threaten there ;  
These thy fav'rites cannot be,  
Nought like care can dwell with thee :  
Chearful, and of easy mien,  
Are thy glad companions seen ;  
Wreathed smiles with pleasing grace,  
Play about each joyous face ;  
Pleasing smiles, which laughter vain,  
(Folly of loud mirth) disdain.

The C O Q U E T. To CHLOE.

By the same Hand.

**W**H Y, Chloe, tempt me to engage,  
Yet still refuse to meet ?

Why throw the gauntlet on the stage,

Yet make a fly retreat ?

Your eye, which in perpetual dance,

Darts forth its am'rous fires ;

Whene'er I meet the ogling glance,

° Beneath its lid retires.

Your little breast, which wanton heaves,

My roving heart to lure,

Slyly my wand'ring hand deceives,

And sinks within your stays secure.

Your hand, with seeming heedlessness,

On mine, you careless lay ;

Which,

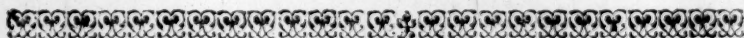
Which, when I would the rover press,  
Flies from the equal touch away.  
Perhaps, you'll say, you mean no ill ;  
Why, then, ensnare my heart ?  
And thus, with tantalizing skill,  
Coquet, and jilt, with ev'ry part ?  
Or promise less, or more perform,  
Chloe——is my advice ;  
For, surely, I shall take by storm,  
If you continue to entice.



On the Author's receiving a Sprig of  
MYRTLE from a young LADY.

**W**Hat fears, what terrors does thy gift create,  
Ambiguous emblem of my future fate ;  
The myrtle ensign of supreme command,  
Consign'd by Venus to Meliffa's hand ;

Not less capricious than the reigning fair,  
Oft favours, oft rejects the poet's pray'r ;  
In myrtle groves, oft sings the happy swain ;  
In myrtle shades, despairing ghosts complain :  
Oh ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,  
And ease the throbbing of an anxious heart ;  
Soon, shall this bough, as you shall fix his doom,  
Adorn Philander's head,—or grace his tomb.



An EPITAPH upon a young LADY.

**N**ymph, over thee, fair, chaste and young,  
Each bosom heaves a sigh ;  
Applauses flow from ev'ry tongue,  
And tears from ev'ry eye.  
Still lives, and ever shall thy fame,  
Only thy beauty dy'd ;  
Envy has nothing to proclaim,  
Nor flattery to hide.



Written extempore in a young LADY'S  
Pocket-Book.

PURE as thy virgin heart, these leaves,  
No taint of modish vice receives ;  
Judgment and wit, (how rarely join'd !)  
The early produce of thy mind,  
Direct thy thoughts, by taste refin'd :  
But as the purest gold, they say,  
Can never mix without allay ;  
My pencil that allay procures,  
The dross is mine—the finer gold is yours.

Upon

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## Upon SOMETHING.

By the late Dr. B---ll---e.

**T**Hus blooming youth in rip'ning years,  
Just as this am'rous Boy appears ;  
And as this girl, the fair one's prove,  
In years just op'ning into love ;  
Something they feel ; yet can't explain ;  
This something made of joy and pain ;  
Something they want, yet know not what,  
Or how this something's to be got :  
Absent they pine, yet when they meet,  
They still find something incomplete ;  
By little toys, he would obtain  
This something, to assuage his pain ;  
As fain would she this something grant,  
Did either know what something meant ;  
Unknown this something, here's the task,  
How she should grant, or he should ask !

On Mr. POPE's Death being mentioned  
in some News-papers, without any Account of  
his Character, Works, Life, Age, or Circum-  
stances of his Illness.

**W**Hen some fat Burgeſs nurs'd in legal ſtealth,  
Reſigns his worthleſs ſoul, and fin-got  
wealth,

The pompous paragraph expands his name,  
And Adverſifers hawk him one day's fame ;  
But when from Britain all the Muſes fled,  
Scarce half a line inform'd us, Pope was dead !

Thus ſhould Oxonia's city ſink in fire,  
And trade and ſcience in one blaze expire ;  
As well on ſhops might dull attention turn,  
And, unregarded the Bodleian burn.

Left by Mr. POPE in a Bed-chamber, at  
Adderbury in Oxfordshire, formerly the Seat of  
the Earl of Rochester, then in Possession of the  
late Duke of Argyle.

Never before published.

With no poetic ardors fir'd,  
I prefs the bed where Wilmot lay ;  
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,  
Begets no numbers, grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred  
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie  
Stretch'd forth in honour's nobler bed,  
Beneath a nobler roof,---the sky.



## LAST NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A Fragment in Imitation of Dr. Young.

By —

O Night ! dark night ! wrapt up in Stygian  
gloom,

Thy riding hood opake ; wove by the hands

Of Clotho and of Atropos, those hands

That spin my thread of life—how near its end !

Oh ! wherefore, silent Goddess, wouldst thou thus

Awake my terrors ! silence sounds alarms

To me ; and darkness dazzles my weak mind.

Hark ! 'tis the death watch—posts themselves can  
speak

Death's language : stop, oh stop—insatiate worm !

I feel thy summons—to my fellow worms

Thou bid'st me hasten. I attend thy call.

And wherefore should I live.—Vain life to me

Is but a tatter'd garment, a patch'd rag,

That ill defends me from the cold of age :  
 Cramp'd are my faculties ; my eyes are dim ;  
 No music charms my ear ; nor meats my taste ;  
 The females fly me, and my very wife,  
 Poor woman, knows me not.

Ye flutt'ring, idle vanities of life ;  
 Where are ye flown ? the birds that ask'd to sing,  
 Amid my spreading branches, now forsake  
 This lifeless trunk, and find no shelter there.  
 What's life ! what's death ? --- thus coveted and fear'd ?  
 Life is a fleeting shadow --- death's no more, ---  
 Death's a dark lanthorn, --- life's a candle's end,  
 Stuck on a faveall, soon to end in stench : ---  
 Foh ! death's a privy --- life the alley green,  
 Which leads to't, where, perchance, on either side  
 A sweet-briar hedge, or shrub of broader leaf,  
 And more commodious, breathe their treach'rous  
 sweets !

Death follows life ; and stops it e'er it reach

The topmost spoke of fortune's envied wheel.  
 Wheel!—life's a wheel—and each man is the ass  
 That turns it, oft receiving in the end  
 But water and rank thistle for his pains.

And yet, Lorenzo, if consider'd right,  
 A life of labour, is a life of ease ;  
 Pain is true joy ; and want is luxury.

Vain mirth's an opera-tune, a tortur'd sigh ;  
 Groans modulated by the tyrant's ball——  
 The breath of eunuchs,—it dismembers bliss——  
 Makes man not man, and castrates real joy.

Would ye be merry ? seek some Charnel-house'  
 Where death inhabits,—give a ball to death—  
 A doom'sday ball—and lead up Holben's dance.  
 How weak, how strong, how gentle, how severe !  
 Are laughter's chains that gall a willing world :  
 The noisy idiot shakes her bells at all,  
 Not ev'n the Bible, or the Night-thoughts 'scape ;  
 Fools spare not heav'n itself, O Young, nor Thee.

A Crambo SONG, on Mr. J. DENNISON,  
A certain Publican, famous for his Beer.

LET the bards of these times  
L Call me forger of rhymes ;  
I care not—I swear I will pen—a-song ;  
And the praises I'll sing  
Of an excellent thing ;  
And that is---a tankard of Dennison.

When at B—t's I dine,  
Where there's plenty of wine,  
To relish hair, partridge, or venison ;  
Be what will the treat,  
Or whatever I eat,  
I ne'er fail to remember John Dennison.

What I tell you is true :  
Could I have all Pegu,

Or



Or the beauteous, the rich \* ward of—Renison,

I'd barter these offers,

Of filling my coffers,

To fill up my tankard with Dennison.

If your son you desire

The world should admire,

Nor think him an idiot's, or zany's—son,

Would you clear up his head,

Send him humming to bed

Each night with a tankard of Dennison.

Heavy port makes us sad,

Champagne makes us mad,

And geneva drives folks into heinous-sin ;

But no harm was e'er done,

By that son of a gun,

Who walks off with his skinful of Dennison.

\* Miss N—c—lls, now Countess of D—rtm—th.

O

Could

Could congo be found,  
At six-pence a pound,  
Was green, seven farthings, and ten—hyfon ;  
I swear that no tea,  
Should be liquor for me ;  
I'd sooner give guineas for Dennison.

Then strike on the board,  
The reck'ning's the word ;  
Let each man but lay his three-pennys on---  
He then may go home,  
With guts tight as a drum,  
Fill'd out with a tankard of Dennison.

A Crambo SONG on a TANKARD.

**I**N company still,  
Till each man has a swill,  
You have seldom a quip, or a crank heard;  
Nay even dull cits,  
Will brighten their wits,  
With two or three pulls—at a tankard.

The beggar who trudges,  
All day on his crutches,  
Lean, fallow, thin visag'd, and lank hair'd,  
Whate'er you may think,  
He can relish good drink,  
And regale him at night—with a tankard.

The gamester in luck,  
Will swig and will suck,  
Till he can't tell a king from a blank card ;

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And mine host, tho' he burst,  
Will be ever the first,  
To plunge his red nose—in the tankard.

Were I a Jack Tar,  
I would quickly repair,  
To the shore, when our vessel was anchor'd ;  
For no ship in the sea,  
Looks so tempting to me,  
As a jolly brown toast—in a tankard.

Take a lover all sad,  
That is stark-staring mad,  
And has long after one woman hanker'd ;  
And I'll hold you five pound,  
He shall skip at the found,  
And rejoice at the sight—of a tankard.

For his mistress possess'd,  
And once freely carefs'd,

Has



Has ever one sensible man car'd ?

But your topers all say,

Tho' he's drunk ev'ry day,

Will still be found true---to the tankard.

Your Quaker so sleek,

All silent, and meek,

Who never was thought to have drank hard,

Can chatter, and prate,

Look big, and all that,

Like another man---over a tankard.

Let the copper and tin,

On the dresser be clean,

Black, mouldy, rust-eaten, and canker'd ;

All this I can bear,

But, Betty, my dear,

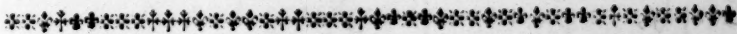
Whatever you do---clean the tankard.

On HUMAN LIFE.

**M**ortals ! around your destin'd heads,  
Thick fly the shafts of death;  
And, lo ! the savage spoiler spreads  
A thousand toils beneath.  
In vain we trifle with our fate,  
Try ev'ry art in vain ;  
At best we but prolong the date,  
And lengthen out our pain.  
Fondly we think all danger fled,  
For death is ever nigh ;  
Outstrips our unavailing speed,  
Or meets us as we fly.  
Thus the wreck'd mariner may strive,  
Some desert shore to gain,  
Secure of life if he survive  
The fury of the main.

But

But here, to famine doom'd a prey,  
The poor mistaken wretch,  
Finds he has 'scap'd the troubled sea,  
To perish on the beach.  
Since then, in vain, we strive to guard  
Our frailty from the foe,  
Lord, let me live, not unprepar'd  
To meet the fatal blow.



The Crows, Starling, and Husbandman.

A FABLE.

**A** Flight of crows agreed to meet,  
And stock a farmer's field of wheat :  
The day was fix'd—the hour was set—  
And punctually, 'tis said, they met :  
With dusky swarms the ground was spread,  
And daintily the miscreants fed ;

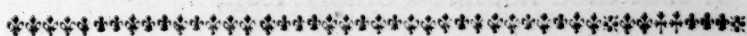
So nice the rav'nous crew was grown,  
 Carrion, forsooth, would not go down——  
 Besides, to ev'ry living creature,  
 (Such the corruption of their nature)  
 The stolen pleasure's still the sweeter.

But tho' full well the sweets they knew,  
 They rightly judg'd the four too ;  
 And that the feast, how rich soe'er,  
 Haply, might not be bought too dear,  
 Watchful around they threw their eyes,  
 Thus to prevent the least surprize.

'Twas wisely done—and well it far'd---  
 But fools are never on their guard ;  
 A starling from the chimney top,  
 A chatt'ring, noisy, empty fop,  
 Who dearly lov'd a dainty bit,  
 And much more stomach had than wit,  
 Took wing, and flew with eager haste,  
 Joyous to share the rich repast ;



When Hodge, who long had watch'd in vain,  
To vindicate his plunder'd grain,  
Let fly from covert bush a volley,  
That dearly paid him for his folly.



The \* AUTHOR's Apology for writing, after  
he had bid Farewel to his Muse.

—*ad mores natura recurrit,*  
*Damnatos, fixa, & mutari nescia.*      Juv. Sat. 13.

**D**EAR Marcus, didst thou never see  
A feeble, worn-ou Debauchee;  
Whom pox nor poverty can win  
To lay aside his darling sin;  
In close sedan, who nightly goes  
To † Mother W-yb-'s, or the Rose:

\* Author of the Progress of Physick—dedicated to  
Dr. Baillie.

† Two houses of ill fame.

Or

Or, haply, less advent'rous grown,  
 Keeps a snug miss--for half the town ;  
 Till Atropos (who takes us all in)  
 Stops with her sheers—his caterwauling.  
 Or hast thou not some Culprit seen,  
 Who whip'd and branded oft has been ;  
 Tho' still the varlet worse and worse is,  
 Nor can forsake his evil courses,  
 Till, many a fatal danger past,  
 In fatal cord—he swings his last.  
 Rid by the Muse, so I---who long  
 Have carrol'd many an idle song,  
 Tho' late Apollo † twitch'd my ear,  
 And bid me by all means forbear,  
 Nor sacred verse henceforth profane,  
 By scribbling thus against the grain ;

†

Cynthus aurem  
Vellit.

Virg.

Tho'

Tho' tir'd with Clio's fond entreating,  
 (Who teaz'd me so at our last meeting)  
 I vow'd I ne'er wou'd touch the lyre,  
 Tho' fifty Chloe's should inspire;  
 Tho' my dear Baillie should revive,  
 And all his new-blown virtues live;  
 Not ev'n his worth, with beauty join'd,  
 Should ever shake my constant mind:  
 Himself were Witwou'd to surpass,  
 And grow still more and more--an afs---  
 No || indignation should take place;  
 From rhyming and resentment free,  
 The knave or fool might 'scape for me;  
 Yet still I rave---and in despight  
 Of vows, and wit, and Phœbus---write.

}  
}

|| Facit indignatio versum. Juv.

B A R-

BARDUS and BIBLIO.

A Poetical DIALOGUE between the AUTHOR and  
his BOOKSELLER.

Written Anno 1742.

—————*Hunc tu Romane caveto,*  
—————*Mutato nomine, de te*  
*Fabula narratur.*—————HOR.

BARDUS.

**H**OW comes it, Biblio, that 'mong all  
The trash, that lumbers up your stall,  
State-tryals, reams of musty comment,  
Plain expositions—of no moment;  
Your \* Hobarts, Siderfins, and Crooks,  
That fright young students with their looks;  
State-pamphlets, Answers, and Replies,  
Stuff'd with stale ribaldry, and lies;

\* The reporters of law cases.

Ro-



Romances, Novels, \* Charges, Plays,  
With nameless, dull et cæteras ;  
My works alone, neglected lie ?  
Say---honest Biblio ! tell me, why ?

BIBLIO.

Nor new, nor intricate the case,——  
What I foresaw is come to pass :  
I told you, fir, write e'er so well,  
Such sort of works would never sell ;  
Were Pope to rise, once more to light,  
Or † Swift regain his wits, and write.  
Each scrap of theirs would sell---you'll say——  
No, fir, they'd hardly live a day ;  
Taxes and gaming run so high,  
They drain our customers quite dry ;

\* Charges to Grand Juries, deliver'd at Hicks's hall,  
by Sir J——n G——n——n, and other worshipful  
chairmen.

† D. Swift was alive, at the time of writing this  
poem, and said to have been sometime a lunatic.

Then

Then \* twelve and sixpence, is a sum  
 For poetry, that strikes them dumb ;  
 There's modest Young, with all his sense,  
 Ne'er rises now 'bove eighteen pence ;  
 Yet Hawkins (who should know) complains,  
 The † Night-thoughts lie upon his hands :  
 Tho' Alma Mater's self unites  
 To spread abroad what ‡ Thompson writes ;  
 Tho' † Doddsley puffs among the great,  
 The poem which he scrawl'd of late ;  
 Were Thompson to be sick to-morrow,  
 He'd find, believe me, to his sorrow,

\* Alluding to the Norf—lk miscellany, in two vols. 8vo. published by the author of this poem, and first sold at 12s. 6d. but after at 10s. the set.

† The Night thoughts of Dr. Young were sold by Hawkins, in parts, at 1s.

‡ M. A. of Queen's college, Oxon, whose poem, intitl'd Sicknefs, in three books, was publish'd in separate books, at 1s. 6d. each.

† Doddsley's poem called —

He scarce had clear'd, think what he will,  
 Enough to pay for draught and pill.  
 Such now the taste of this dull town,  
 Nothing but politics go down ;  
 Serious remarks on this, and that  
 New change, or bustle in the state ;  
 Sober advice to, you know who—  
 Or tales from China and Peru :  
 Your \* Puzzles, and Dutch reasoners,  
 All writ by paltry garoteers,  
 Who have,—or ought to lose their ears ;  
 Riddles, Conundrums, and such stuff,  
 Shall pass—and sell you well enough.

BARDUS.

Biblio ! proceed,---and speak your mind—  
 You've other reasons still behind ;  
 There's something more, my life on't still—  
 You could—but care not to reveal.

\*Two Grub-street pamphlets thus call'd.

There is, fir, it must be confess'd ;  
And weightier much than all the rest :  
Since then you urge me to declare,  
The naked truth of this affair,  
The secret in a word lies here.  
Few are so ignorant not to know,  
That int'rest governs high and low ;  
We agents in the world of letters,  
Are arrant copies of our betters ;  
While faithfully we but pursue,  
The self same track, which others do ;  
Our court contentions are but races,  
'Twixt those who're in--and out of places ;  
The lawyer wrangles, all agree,  
Not for his client,—but the fee ;  
'Tis with a selfish view of gain,  
That sleepless authors rack their brain ;

While



While we with just the same intention,  
Trade with the fruits of their invention;  
Nor must they hope to win applause,  
If client-like, they starve the cause;  
For 'tis not what you wits can write,  
But what we Booksellers get by't,  
That recommends the fav'rite piece,  
And gains it credit, more or less;  
Nor can it's worth be ever known,  
While we agree to cry it down.

BARDUS.

Biblio, from what you now relate,  
Like Hudibras, I smell a rat——

BIBLIO.

This, sir, your own experience teaches,  
Beyond the power of words and speeches;  
Tho', sure, the case was plain enough,  
Nor wanted such substantial proof;

P

Few

Few of the craft will croud their shelves,  
 With authors printing for themselves ;  
 And fewer still are to be found,  
 Who'll take—three shillings in the pound :  
 Think you that \* Lintot was content,  
 With profit less than—cent per cent ?  
 Had † Tonson jok'd with ministers,  
 Had other fists been close as yours ?

But now, for sake of argument,  
 Suppose the Bookseller content ;  
 That you have hit the readers goût,——  
 'Tis well,——but this will never do——  
 Unless you suit his pocket too.  
 You'll find his stomach plaguy nice,  
 Unless you tempt him with a price ;

}.

\* The late Mr. Bernard Lintot.

† Old Jacob Tonson, the Bookseller, who published the Tatlers, Spectators, &c. a great favourite of the wits, and people of all ranks and degrees, in Queen Anne's time.

'This \* Osborne knows, who best of any  
 Can shift, and turn the ready penny ;  
 Osborne, 'mongst other quaint devices,  
 Carves out his authors into slices ;  
 Weekly presents a bill of fare,  
 To ev'ry loving customer ;  
 And earns you by this subtle dealing,  
 Not less than sixpence in the shilling ;  
 His art, in dishing out a book,  
 The same as that of crafty cook  
 Who to invite the hungry guest,  
 Nicely apportions out the feast ;  
 And from one joint set forth to view,  
 Is sure to make the price of two.

\* T. Osborne, the Bookseller, in Grays Inn, who  
 at the time that this poem was written, published the  
 Modern history, the Harleian miscellany, &c. in weekly  
 numbers, at sixpence, or a shilling each.

## BARDUS.

Enough ! enough !---'tis very clear——  
 I've had the wrong fow by the ear :  
 But say what urg'd you to comply  
 With terms, you get so little by ?  
 Who knew as well, all this, and more,  
 As any, now, or heretofore.

## BIBLIO.

Why times are hard---the gain tho' small,  
 Is better still——than none at all ;  
 But 'tis bad policy in you,  
 To drive such bargains as you do,——  
 For faith our tribe are just such things  
 To Authors---as you bards to kings :  
 'Tis we, who must your worth proclaim,  
 'Tis we who \* save or damn your fame.

\* A cant phrase amongst booksellers, for crying down an author's works, who presumes to maintain his own property, by not parting with his copy at the price they are pleas'd to set upon it.



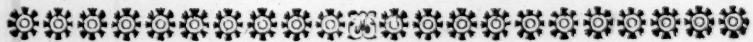
We've arts to check, or force a trade,  
Just as we happen to be paid ;  
For twelve pence more on ev'ry fet,  
I'll undertake to serve you yet :  
Tho' now I've hardly sold a score,  
I'll get a thousand off, or more.

BARDUS.

So this, or that, let authors chuse ;  
'Tis cros you win, and pile we lose :  
Rather than thus ignobly treat,  
Rather than starve, that you may eat ;  
I'll turn Quack, Conjuror, Stroller, Pimp,  
Make mouse-traps, matches, or beat hemp ;  
Or ease my genius (when it itches  
To write) by scribbling dying speeches,  
Strange wonders, murders, apparitions,  
That readers suit of all conditions ;

Which Bridewell Befs, with voice fo sweet,  
 Shall nightly fcream thro' ev'ry ftreet;  
 Thus pafs the remnant of my days,  
 Secure of bread, tho' loft to praife,  
 As much as he who wears the bays.

⊕



## F O R T U N E. A R H A P S O D Y.

Inscrib'd to Mr. Garrick.

First written in 1752, now republished with  
 confiderable additions, &c.

**O**N the wave of fortune toft,  
 See the man of merit loft;  
 In the felf-fame point of time,  
 Infamy her fummit climb;  
 Infamy with favour crown'd,  
 Meets refpect from all around;

Shines

Shines the wretch in fortune's glare ?

He is valiant, wise, and fair.

Fortune, wherefore are we still  
Dupes to thy inconstant will ?

Wherefore must we always pay

Homage, to thy fickle sway ?

While virtue, of celestial race,

Pines neglected in disgrace ;

And vice assumes the plunder'd robe,

Imposing thus on half the globe.

Point thy darling !—and the croud

Cringe, and speak his praise aloud ;

Object, ~~once~~, of public hate !—

Goddeſs smile—he's good and great—

Mounted on thy giddy wheel,

A Cecil, Pelham—what you will—

In rich alcoves no vice can dwell.

While heav'n has no curse in store,

Nor hell ſuch guilt—as being poor.

}

Few patrons stoop to ease her care,  
 When needy merit drops a tear ;  
 For proof—see Butler's shade arise,  
 And awful stand before your eyes ;  
 Butler, the quintessence of wit,  
 Of humour, sense, and arch conceit ;  
 Who for the bounty of a——Charles——  
 Might just as well have wrote like——Quarles.  
 What hopes ! when ev'n Dryden fail'd,  
 Dryden, who ev'ry Muse excell'd !  
 Whose matchless genius all commend,  
 While living, scarce could find—a friend——  
 Nor knew we where his ashes lay,  
 Till Sheffield dignified his clay ;  
 Who proud, tho' late, such worth to own,  
 Mark'd with his name the Parian stone,  
 And thus immortaliz'd his own.

The Bard, who thousands counts a year,  
 Writes well—much better—if a peer——



A Virgil he, or at the least,  
A man of true distinguish'd taste.

Lords, ladies, knights and squires debate,  
His fame, around, to undulate ;  
Wherefore ? because 'mongst folks of fashion,  
And men of elevated station,  
True merit's an exotic plant,  
A white bear caught—in the Levant.

For, ah ! how very rare to see

A C<sup>^</sup>—ld, or Orrery !

*Chesterfield* /

When these were born, Dame Fortune slept,

Or haply, the fond Muse had wept,

To've seen that worth, now rais'd so high,

Buried in low obscurity.

Tho' studious dullness to reward,

Fortune is sometimes off her guard ;

And hence it was in lucky hour,

When she forgot t'exert her pow'r,

A Stanhope flyly stole to earth,

Or happy Littleton had birth.

Will no kind patron Johnson own?

Shall \* Johnson, friendless, range the town?

And ev'ry publisher refuse

The offspring of his happy Muse;

Johnson, whom fancy nobly fires,

He, whom Apollo's-self inspires;

With taste polite, and well-turn'd mind,

And genius pure, as gold refin'd:

With indignation swells my heart,

Such fate attending such desert.

Garrick, the reason, prithee, shew,

(For sure a manager must know;)

Why from the theatre, we see,

A distant exile——poetry;

\* Sam. Johnson, one of the most elegant writers of the age, Author of the New English Dictionary, at first could scarcely find a Bookseller, who would publish his fine imitation of Juvenal's third satire.

Why ev'ry bard, who trys of late,  
 With the dramatic Muse his fate,  
 Crawls thro' five acts of measur'd prose?  
 (For verse it is not—Pindus knows!——)  
 Without one pitying Muse t'inspire,  
 Or fancy, character, or fire.  
 Say! is there none with tragic rage,  
 To warm the soul, and shake the stage?  
 Who knows with true poetic art,  
 To move the sympathizing heart?  
 Does no one genius try to win ye,  
 Beyond the Gamester, or Virginia?  
 Shall sad Creusa sleep dispense,  
 For nine long nights, to common sense,  
 And thro' the stated period shine;  
 Yet four nights finish \* Constantine?

‘ Say!

\* Constantine, the best of five new plays that ap-  
 pear'd the last winter, was dropp'd the fifth night, for  
 want

Say ! is the stage oblig'd to bend,  
 If—lo ! his lordship recommend ?  
 While he who rivals Otway's Muse,  
 In vain the mighty task pursues :  
 And owns the labours of the brain,  
 Extracted, are not worth the pain.  
 Garrick, it must be so—since thou,  
 Whose speaking eye, and potent brow,  
 Can't ev'ry varied passion trace,  
 And give ev'n Shakespear's meaning—grace ;  
 Whose happy taste has often shewn,  
 The Muse's spirit was thine own.  
 Most other states resemble thine,  
 Where worth is seldom seen to shine ;

want of encouragement ; yet all the rest crawl'd thro'  
 nine nights, the destin'd course of modern plays ; after-  
 wards they are deservedly forgotten. Constantine was  
 written by Mr. Francis, the Translator of Horace,  
 and from the judicious must meet that applause in the  
 closet, which it wanted on the stage.

Un-



Till pow'rful Int'rest deigns to smile,  
 And plant it in the barren foil ;  
 At Court Corruption takes the lead,  
 There vice erects her gorgon head,  
 And strikes Desert, and Virtue dead.

}  
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 }

On high behold a statesman fit,  
 Dispenser both of wealth and wit ;  
 For he who can the purse command,  
 Must ev'ry science understand ;  
 Or tell him so—and it agrees,  
 As well, as with a Welchman, cheefe ;  
 Besides, with such an air and grace,  
 He gives a present, or a place ;  
 'Twould such beneficence abuse,  
 If you the offer should refuse ;  
 Small the return !—should he expect——  
 Your conscience—only—to direct.  
 Conscience is made of pliant stuff—  
 Be bold—and thrive,—and that's enough :

Mark how the fawning levee watch  
His words,—his very looks to catch ;——  
And when he speaks, with noisy praise,  
Proclaim him Tully of these days.

So I have seen a hound, attend  
His master's dinner, near the end,  
Low-cowering, whimper, wag his tail  
Lest he should miss th'expected meal.

Anatomize this mighty man,  
His fund of virtue's nicely scan ;  
Virtues, alas ! he ne'er had one,  
But yet he's Fortune's darling son.

His vices then examine well,  
Oh ! these, indeed, will largely tell !  
Divest him of exterior shew,  
Then we his real worth shall know.

Ambition, first, at large behold,  
And an insatiate thirst of gold ;

Diffimulation

✓  
Disimulation next appears,  
Which ev'ry thought and action steers ;  
Then Pride erects her lofty head,  
By Fortune's ill-plac'd bounty fed,  
Who with an eye of stern command,  
Deals out oppression o'er the land ;  
Fierce Cruelty on her attends,  
For she and Pride are always friends ;  
These are the attributes we find,  
That form the busy Statesman's mind,  
Grown putrid on the throne of pow'r,  
Fresh vices spring up ev'ry hour ;  
As in dead corse serpents breed,  
And loathsome, on corruption feed.

Yet mighty honours grace his name,  
And rival bards his praise proclaim.

Say, Muse, in camps, where trumpets sound,  
Is merit in commission found ?

Alas !

Alas ! you seek her there in vain,

'Tis not her province there to reign.

Deep in the ranks behold him stand,  
 Beneath some titled fool's command ;  
 Who deviates from his noble race,  
 With spindle limbs, and lady face,  
 Who shivers at the wintry breeze,  
 As tremble leaves on aspin trees ;  
 And tho' he starts at honour's call,  
 Shines still the bravest—at a ball.  
 No bully of the town's his peer !  
 His look, how fierce ! how arch, his sneer !  
 What terror does his hat afford !  
 And at his side—what length of sword !  
 Behold him on the grand parade,  
 Where each man shines a warlike blade,  
 He gives the word—then boldly fire—  
 While ladies all around admire :



The Hero to advantage shines,  
 And boldly traverses the lines,  
 While eager Mamma from afar,  
 Views all the smoaky pomp of war ;  
 And when the toilsome task is done,  
 Receives with joy her darling son.  
 When war proclaim'd, commands to wield  
 The shining blade, and take the field ;  
 To hear him talk, you'd swear the elf  
 Would rout whole armies by himself.

But view him, in the time of battle,  
 When sabres clash, and muskets rattle ;  
 When cannons, with terrific sound,  
 Pour undiscerning death around ;  
 Swift as the ball, he 'scapes the fight,  
 And quickly scampers out of fight.

Yet none display more mighty valour,  
 Than when in ripen'd fit of choler,

Q

He

He breaks the windows for the score,  
 Bullies the watch, or kicks a whore ;—  
 Or when beneath this man of war,  
 For mercy, cries the levell'd draw'r,  
 Where is the man who dares engage  
 To mitigate such mighty rage ?

What heart but shudders, to be told  
 That such as these can rise by gold ?  
 And tho' so void of worth, or spirit,  
 Can soar beyond the greatest merit.

With courts and camps fatigu'd, the Muse  
 To College now the road pursues,  
 Whither the pillars of the nation,  
 Are sent for lib'ral education ;  
 Traces their progress thro' the schools,  
 Where money pays the breach of rules,  
 And stamps them coxcombs,—pedants,—fools. }

Here first they learn to bid defiance  
 To sense, and virtue, arts and science ;

Midst learned folks to hear them say things,  
 Authors, you'd think, with them were play-things;  
 They prove more learning in one bottle,  
 Than in whole reams of—Aristotle;  
 More sense and reason in stout drinking,  
 Than in Dan Watts's Art of thinking.  
 Take them well sok'd with old October,  
 Nay take them, either drunk, or sober,  
 To shew their mighty taste, scullastic,  
 They'll teach you all the art gymnastic;  
 Deride the eloquence of Tully,  
 And prove the language of a bully,  
 Dress'd up in oaths, is better grac'd,  
 And marks at once—the Man of taste.

They swear sedateness is but sadness,  
 That humour must consist in—madness;  
 That he, who poorly dares refuse  
 To keep a Girl, and bravely booze;

And after fiercely fall out,  
 The midnight magistrate to rout;  
 Should muddle over pipes and beer,  
 And never rise to better cheer.

What hardy tutor dares controul,  
 Such noble fallies of the soul?

Now into life, their footsteps trace,  
 With mitre, and sagacious face;  
 See one into a bishop rise!  
 In lawn, a faint—arraigning vice;  
 Tho' fitter far to strike a-cross-drum,  
 The tallied sticks, than mount a rostrum;  
 With heart as hard as lignum vitæ,  
 Endow'd with pride, and av'rice mighty;  
 A living's worth he knows so well,  
 He'll to the highest bidder sell.

Another, see, at bar declaim,  
 In search of honour, pence, and fame,  
 For more he grasps at--than a name;

}



With artful speech, and venal tongue,  
 He gilds the proud oppressor's wrong ;  
 Perverts the law, to bear down right ;  
 If haply he but profits by't ;  
 Nor truth, nor justice makes his aim,  
 Like M--d--n, or like W--l--br--m :  
 Yet gracious fortune on him smiles,  
 And to reward his pains and toils,  
 Bestows on him a judge's feat—  
 Lo ! there he sits in pomp and state ;  
 Nods gravely, while the council plead,  
 That done, erects his shallow head,  
 Not having heard a word was said ;  
 Hems---strokes his beard---and then proceeds  
 To sentence——just as fancy leads.  
 The laws are in his hands, and he  
 Takes care to set the guiltless free,——  
 But—not without a handsome fee.

To rank impieties betray'd,  
 Shall church and laws be venal made?  
 Shall Simony uncheck'd prevail,  
 And Brib'ry overpoise the scale,  
 Which Justice in her hand should hold?  
 Shall no one honest man unfold,  
 And into light these mysteries bring?  
 No! fortune shields with nurt'ring wing,—  
 While learning, wisdom, wit, and sense,  
 Which to her gifts have no pretence,  
 Shall drudge thro' life, with homely cheer,  
 Curate——with twenty pounds per year.

The man who can apply, and quote  
 The body of the laws, by rote,  
 Run over Plowden, Hales, or Coke,  
 Repeat their pleadings without book;  
 Who, at a single glance, espies  
 The nicest points of law arise;

No-

Neglected in some office dark,  
 Still labours on—a lawyer's clerk,  
 Scribbling at midnight chanc'ry bills,  
 Or copying over deeds and wills.

Prithee, who's yonder learned wight,  
 With strutting air, and wig so white;  
 Whose voice thro' Batson's loudly rings,  
 Of pamphlets, papers, learned things;  
 And with decisive air of praise,  
 Administers the poet's bays?

' Pope wanted satire ;—Congreve wit ;—  
 ' And Vanbrugh, without humour writ :  
 To shew, then, what true writing is,  
 He rubs his hands, and strokes his phizz ;  
 Then reads unto the list'ning throng,  
 Epistle, fable, ode, or song,  
 With proper emphasis, and tone,  
 Which Dursley—would have blush'd to own——

That's Borax, who so lately sprung,  
 Like sprouts or colworts, out of dung.  
 'Twas fortune's frolic,—has he merit?  
 Hum!——a prodigious deal of spirit.

Arfellus ignorant and vain,  
 With coach and parti-colour'd train;  
 Who scarce can construe tantum capias,  
 Or tell you who was Esculapius:  
 Soon as Arfellus sees your face,  
 And feels your pulse, he knows your case;  
 To hear the man prescribe, you'd swear,  
 He gallop'd thro' a witch's pray'r;  
 For he a roll of cant is pat-in,  
 'Tis neither Hebrew, Greek, nor Latin,  
 But 'tis the language of the art,——  
 Hence all his practice, his desert.  
 His skill must sure be very great,  
 His wig—coach—liv'ries—so complete!

While



While Probus learned, grave and wife,  
 Deep skill'd in nature's mysteries ;  
 Who can thro' all its serpent course,  
 Disorder trace from inmost source ;  
 Shall scarcely find (so fate ordains)  
 Substtance, to reward his pains ;  
 And why ; no chariot dins their ears——  
 No footman's rap, when he appears.

In ev'ry rank, and each degree  
 Of mazy life, true worth we see,  
 Beneath the frown of fortune pine ;  
 Her smiles on vice and folly shine.

Can we the cause of this explore ?  
 Yes ! hark, while I a tale run o'er !

Merit, one day o'ercome with grief,  
 Petition'd Jove for some relief ;  
 He heard the pray'r, nor could he less,——  
 For the appearance spoke distress :

His

His eye was modest ; in his mien  
 Decent humility was seen ;  
 Dejection shaded o'er his face,  
 The native foil of ev'ry grace.

Jove order'd Mercury to call  
 Dame Fortune to th'Olympic hall ;  
 Summon'd, she came, and by her side,  
 Old Plutus serving for a guide.

Jove bade her hear th'indictment read,  
 Hold up her hand, and answer plead ;  
 Celestial forms of trial, then,  
 Were much the same, as those of men :  
 She beg'd from Plutus they'd receive  
 Her plea, to whom her pow'r she gave ;-----  
 They granted her request, and he  
 In words like these, made out the plea.

‘ Merit of our neglect complains,  
 ‘ But in himself the fault remains ;

‘ You

‘ You would not have me, who refuse  
‘ So many, those who fly me, chuse :  
‘ My haunts, to all the world reveal’d,  
‘ Sure cannot be from him conceal’d :  
‘ I’m with the merchant, us’rer, court,  
‘ But rarely with the bard consort ;  
‘ I’m at the levy of my lord,  
‘ To Warwick lane some hours afford ;  
‘ Behind the scenes I sometimes tread,  
‘ And set poor Harly on his head.  
‘ The sycophant, with graceful sneer,  
‘ Grasps at my robe, when I appear ;  
‘ The bishop has me, in his coach,  
‘ The courts I with the judge approach ;  
‘ The admiral, who commands a fleet,  
‘ Never ordain’d the foe to meet ;  
‘ The chief, who ne’er did good, or harm,  
‘ Yet leads an army, has my arm :

‘ Wit,

- ‘ Wit, courage, sense by me are found,
- ‘ Nay, sometimes, wisdom, in my round :
- ‘ To find out Merit in my train,
- ‘ ’Tis true has always been in vain ;
- ‘ He flies whenever I am near,
- ‘ Nay quits the church, if I appear :
- ‘ If then, great Jove, by your decree,
- ‘ Merit my follower must be ;
- ‘ His honest nature reconcile
- ‘ To the false flatterer’s courtly smile,
- ‘ Let him not start, surpriz’d to feel
- ‘ The secret bribe, I often deal ;
- ‘ Let him not blush to lye, an end
- ‘ To gain, or serve a titled friend ;
- ‘ Let—————
- Jove cry’d, in wrath, ‘ No more! prophane ;
- ‘ Hence from my sight, on earth remain,
- ‘ With grov’ling souls, who fear t’aspire,
- ‘ At virtue’s bright celestial fire ;



- ‘ Short thy dominion is, but he
- ‘ Shall taste of endless joys with me,
- ‘ Who struggles still for virtue’s laws,
- ‘ And thirsts to die in honour’s cause.

’Tis virtue that exalts the mind,  
To racks, to tortures still resign’d;  
He’s doubly arm’d to face the fight,  
And in the conflict feels delight;  
Whom wisdom with persuasive force,  
Still guides along in virtue’s course;  
Hence, hence alone, the good and great,  
Still triumph over time and fate;  
Wisdom is virtue’s truest friend,  
The clue to ev’ry happy end.

BARTON MEER ; or, The Suffolk Garland.

A SONG.      Anno 1745.

**L** Et doggrel poets, one and all,  
Resound the fame of Houghton hall ;  
Or Eufstone—feat of noble peer——  
I'll sing the praise of—Barton Meer.

Woods, gardens, groves, (th'eternal themes  
Of bard who sips Pierian streams)  
Make Paradise thro'out the year,  
And give the prize to—Barton Meer.

No longer gaping crouds shall go  
\* Clermont to view—or visit † Stow—  
But all with eager haste repair,  
To feast their Eyes—at Barton Meer.

\* Duke of Newcastle's feat.      † Lord Cobham's.

What

What tho' no antique statues grace,  
Nor temples consecrate the place ;  
None can such useless pomp revere,  
Who taste the sweets of—Barton Meer.

Its owners, affable and free,  
(Such owners you shall seldom see)  
With open smiles, and heartsome cheer,  
Make sorrow glad—at Barton Meer.

Or laugh—or sing—or talk—or play——  
Or walk—or ride—to pass the day—  
Probatum est—you can't be freer,  
Than you may be—at Barton Meer.

No noisy mirth, nor froward spleen,  
Intrude to marr the blissful scene ;  
No matrimonial strife is here,  
To wound the peace—of Barton Meer.

No party feuds, nor foul debate,  
About the army---church—or state;

Whether we've peace, or war, next year,  
Is much the same—at Barton Meer.

Happy the man, and he alone,  
He, who can call such joys his own ;  
Who from life's troubled sea can steer,  
And end his days at—Barton Meer.

When Englishmen no more complain,  
When virtue dwells in Drury lane ;  
Then shall my Muse this theme forbear,  
Nor sing the praise of —Barton Meer.

F I N I S.

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